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L A U L I N E,

A TALE IN VERSE,

AND OTHER POEMS,

BY

THE REV. GEORGE BEDDOW,

CURATE OF ST. MARY'S, BIRMINGHAM.

L O N D O N :

LONGMAN, BROWN, AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW ;

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TO THE

REVEREND I. CASEBOW BARRETT, M.A.,

Incumbent of the District Parish of St. Mary, Birmingham ;

AND TO

THE CONGREGATION OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME,

Though scarcely worthy their notice,

Is respectfully inscribed,

In grateful acknowledgment of their unmerited and continued


kindness,

By their faithful friend and obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

Birmingham, March, 1851.

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PREFACE.

SOME years ago I published a small volume of verse—I am told it was not poetry—and perhaps it was not, as the whole Edition was speedily sold. It has now long been out of print, and many have been the applications to me personally for copies. Many of *my* public urged me to issue a Second Edition, but this I thought unadvisable. Solicited then to prepare something else, I once more returned to a pursuit which I thought I had for ever laid aside, and the result is a tale and some fragments—put together so as to form a book, which my good friends will probably value rather as a personal memorial of one who is deeply indebted to them, than for any merit there may possibly be in the volume itself.

One word I must say on some of the pieces. "*Lauline*" is a tale of I know not what origin,—it is in part a memory that has been with me from my school-boy days. I think I read something like it in French—and I dare say I have sadly mangled this part of it by fettering it with English rhyme—certainly for any inconsistencies in the story I am alone to blame. Among the Miscellanies is a Piece called "*Cabul*." This was originally written at Cambridge, in competition for the Chancellor's medal. I was forewarned that even were its poetry good, its politics were so bad that it could not stand the slightest chance of success, and I grant that in the usual sense this is quite true. Many copies of it having been obtained by

various friends, and it therefore being no longer exactly in my own keeping, (though not a member of the Peace Congress), I print it as my protest against *any* and *all* war that is not absolutely forced upon us. I may view the individual case in a false light, and I do not defend my view of that one case—but I hold that, as a Christian nation, our duty is, as that of Christian individuals, rather to suffer wrong than to inflict injury. The other piece I refer to is only two verses, “The Sabbath Bell;” this was set to music by our late esteemed townsman, George Hollins, the words being attributed to Wm. Ball, Esq., from whom I received due apologies for the, I presume, inadvertent appropriation.

I know that my entire production needs much apology—let it be enough to say that it was in great part written during a period of much physical and mental depression—and so conscious was I of its defects, that I often wished I had not promised its appearance. I knew, however, that so many would rather have it, with all its imperfections, than not possess it at all, that I could not dare to disappoint them. I only have now to cast myself and my volume upon the kindness of friendship.

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L A U L I N E .

CANTO I.

CANTO I.

“WHERE is the home of Love?”—Where dwells she not?
Is she not present in the scented glade,
Spreads not her rule through all the varied lot
Of titled lady or of rustic maid?—
Does she not live alike in tower and grot,
In pleasure’s sunshine, and in sorrow’s shade?—
Wherever hearts are found, in hall or cot,
There Love will be, and there her home is made.

But ’tis not always bliss she brings ;
Her buds of promise, it is true, are sweet,
And Siren-like the song she sings,
And round her brow may meet
A thousand bright imaginings,
Which only serve to mask the guile
That mingles in her sweetest smile.

Too oft she wins, and then betrays!—
The loved and loving ones forget too oft,
While they can bask beneath her rays,
That long ere Beauty's self decays,
Or quite withdraws her perfumed breathings soft,
That blighting want, and heart-corroding care,
May wither what was hope to anguish of despair.

It is a tale not seldom told,
How Love herself has led to woe,
And yet the lesson, though so old,
Is what but few appear to know ;
At least they do not pause to think,
When standing on the dangerous brink,
Which overlooks the faithless sea,
Of Love's own wild immensity.

'Twas thus with Lauline. She had led
A happy life 'mid Alpine hills,
Though she had wept a mother dead.
Youth may recover from those ills
Which grave upon the aged brow
The furrows of more lasting woe.

She was the eldest ;—and her Sire
Regarded with an eye of pride
Her lofty glance and eye of fire,
Too noble for the mountain's side ;

And dreams of future grandeur nursed,
Fanned by Ambition's breath accursed.

'Tis evening, and the wind is high,
Where does that mountain maiden hie ?
The stream is full, the melting snow
Rolls down the steep with rapid flow,
No leaf is on the winter bough,—
Why will the maiden wander now ?

She goes to seek in yonder glade,
Amid the snow her pet lamb strayed ;
The daughter of a rugged clime,
She does not fear the winter time.
Over the swelling brook she leaps,
Through lichened vales her pathway keeps,
Till safe in all his lambkin charms,
She folds her truant in her arms.

But there is one, for Lauline's sake,
Whose anxious eye has marked the track,
Which those two wayward ones must take,
To bring their wandering footsteps back.

He knows the danger, for the stream
With sudden flood is rising high,
And boding is the fitful gleam
That peeps from out the lowering sky ;
With beating heart, but manly stride,
He hastens Lauline's steps to guide,

And safe the dangerous ford o'erpast,
She gains her father's home at last.

They meet again. She knows not why
A tear at parting dims her eye.—
Sometimes a softly-whispered tone
Of hope's enchanted music, thrown
Over her pillowed slumber, seems
To add new brightness to her dreams,
And darker grows the mountain air,
Unless the goodly youth be there.

They often meet. He breathes his vow,
Can she refuse to listen now?
She may not, does not, quite confess,
But in her silence blushes "Yes."

Her Father hears a whispered tale
Of stolen meetings in the vale.—
Are all his cherished dreams in vain?
Could *she*, so formed to grace a court,
Cling to a youth unknown and poor?—
—Whilst listening to the vague report
He treats it with a cold disdain,
Yet has the tattler scarcely left his door
Ere harshly chiding words are spoken,—
No pause for calm paternal thought,
No pity for a heart half broken,
But angry rage to sudden fury wrought.

Oh, were she erring, how would she deplore
 That gentlest whispers of Affection's tone
 Seemed from a Father's lip to breathe no more !
 Still *fear* was most in passion's tempest roar,
Terror enough to scare that lonely one,
 Whom loving looks to filial love had won.

Oh ! Father, half thy wrath suppress,
 Remember she is motherless.
 Oh, Parent, pause ! that angry frown,
 Those hasty words of thine,
 Will bring malignant influence down
 On thy domestic shrine.
 Thou, Pastor of an Alpine flock,
 Should'st gently fold the Lambs that stray :
 Teacher of others ! thou should'st seek,
 Even 'mid earthquake's heaving shock,
 To stand unmoved with courage meek,
 And pray thyself, as thou hast taught to pray !

Oh ! why those bitter words ? they will not win,—
 Nay, thine own temper in thine own fair child
 Will stir her heart to disobedient sin,
 For purpose strong may live in spirits mild.
 The placid lake will ruffle into storm
 When the fierce gales sweep by, and so the form
 All calm in youth and beauty, may be driven
 To wild resolve ; and then with fearful power
 The stirred soul acts ; it feels its home-ties riven,
 And looks to vengeance as its rightful dower.

Oh, daughter pause ! upon a stormy sea
Why venture from the sheltering shore,
Though an unwonted storm has set you free—
Has snapped the cables that retained you there ?—
Go back ! go back again ! for never more
Shall sunshine beam so happily on thee,
As in the home you leave, to go you know not where !

Vain words of warning ! Those in wrath
Hear nothing.—See the Father's cheek
Grows deadly pale, and his contracted brow,
And quivering lip, and vain attempts to speak,
Tell of consuming fire just bursting forth
In all its fierceness ;—and the angry glow,
That flashes, 'mid her tears, from Lauline's eyes
Proclaims reflected anger, kindling now
To that wild grief, too strong to waken sighs.

They part in anger—Lauline flees—
Her lover takes her willing hand—
And soon amid the billowy seas,
At midnight on the deck they stand.
Oh ! there was dread in that lonely hour,
The storm-wind was passing with wand of power ;
There was creaking and noise as they ploughed the deep,
That hindered the *innocent* even from sleep.
But one fair form, in the pitiless storm,
Heard voices of wrath and of warning uttered,
They spoke to her heart—we beheld her start,
As the rolling thunder muttered.

She clung to her husband—her face turned pale,
 And silent were they in that noisy gale :
 She looked the picture of wild despair,
 As we viewed her cheek by the lightning's glare ;
 His hand she clenched with an anxious grasp,
 But he answered not with a kindred clasp ;
 Like marble he stood and surveyed the flood,
 With a wordless lip and a glazing eye,
 As he gazed on the meteors flashing by.

What, had he ceased to love her, now
 That she was made his own ?
 And must she view an altered brow,
 And hear an altered tone ?

No ! Each has sinned ;—they feel it now.
 Unsanctioned was their nuptial vow,
 No parent's blessing on her head,
 Its memoried words of soothing spread ;
 They stood together unforgiven,
 Beneath the frowning eye of heaven.

Who, amid peril, draws his breath
 Calm in his bosom ?—undismayed
 Awaits the clutch of gathering death ?—
 Will not the boldest be afraid ?

'There are some spirits who have trod
The pathway leading on to God,
Souls who have drank of heavenly love,
Whose hope and portion is above,
And these amid the wildest storm
May know the peace of holy calm—
For *them* to die is gain.
And who is he of feeble form
Who comes to whisper words of balm
Nor whisper them in vain?

There is upon that heaving deck
A man of fervent prayer,
On God he casts his every care,
And waits the expected wreck.
He might be seen the truly brave,
As yawned around the opening wave.

There came a moment's hush, so still
That every tone was heard,
And that good man had simple skill
To preach God's holy word.
He spoke of JESUS—and they listened,
In HIM he bade them live,
He cried, whilst many a rough eye glistened,
“Father forgive! as we forgive,
Oh, let us die forgiven!
So that the parted ones of earth
May meet again in heaven.”

And Lauline and her husband knelt—
The soothing power of prayer was felt ;
The bitter memory of offence
Gives way to peaceful penitence,—
“ Father forgive !” they both exclaim,
And Lauline breathes her father’s name.
One last embrace was given and taken,
Such as a Spirit’s love might waken,

Now curls the breaker with its crest of white,
Gleaming beneath the lurid sky,
As though it tokened, in its warning light,
Some undiscovered danger nigh—
And the storm comes on with resistless force,
And it sweeps o’er the ship in its fated course,
And it snaps the mast, and it rends the sail,
And it drives the vessel before the gale ;—
She strikes the rock, with a fearful shock,
And the parting joints give way,
And the savage waters seem to mock
The crew that is cast away.

’Twas a fearful sight, by the dawning light,
To look on the sea-strown land,
For along the naked beech were spread
The mangled forms of the dying and dead,
On the lonely wave-girt strand.

There was one that lived, and her fevered eye
 Glanced wildly around—around,
To her wailing cry there was no reply,
 But the voice of the deeps profound.

Then, one by one, on the desert shore
Were gathered a few, who by plank or oar,
 Through the boiling surf had kept afloat—
 And there came the crew of the smallest boat,—
They land together at break of day,
 Together they meekly kneel—
Oh, those who have shared such a perilous way
 Can tell how such voyagers feel.

She looked among those rescued men
 For the form she longed to see,
And her hope-strung vision was strengthened then.
 She scanned each one—but it might not be—
 Hers was a bitter destiny.

She joins that group of sailors ; rude
 Yet kindly hearts were theirs ;
They fain would cheer, yet not intrude
On the sacred grief of her solitude,
 On a woe which no one shares.

They bore each cold and lifeless form
 To a sheltered spot on the shore,
Where the voice of tempest and sound of storm
 Might never reach them more :

And Lauline gazed on each ghastly face
Grim with the marks of death's embrace—
She was cold in the calm of still despair,
Though the husband she loved was not slumbering there.

It was strange to see how firm she grew,
How firmly now she trod :
Though not a tear of hers might dew
The sailors' burial sod ;
Deep was her feeling—such as fears
To quench its fire in useless tears.

She aids the mariners, and seeks
What may be found between the creeks.
And *one* was found whom the varying deep
Had swept ashore on the smoothest sand,
And he lay as calm as in peaceful sleep,
While a volume was held in his stiffening hand.
Death had not power to destroy the smile
That clung to those lips so free from guile.
It was not the mark that the death-fear leaves,
Over which the friend of the parted grieves ;
But a beam of heaven o'er that cold face
Had softly passed and had left its trace.

'Twas the good old man who amid the strife
Of the angry tempest stood,
And bade them seek for a better life
In the land beyond the flood.

Though dead he speaketh yet, and Lauline hears
A spirit-voice that whispers to her still,
And now at length a freshening gush of tears
Pours from each glazing eye—as when a rill
Long bound by frost, breaks from its icy chain,
And flowing on, wakes spring-tides green again.

I need not tell how carefully they laid
That corpse apart in yon secluded nook,
Or with what fervid thanks the widow prayed,
As to her heart she clasped the blessed book.
Oh ! it had been to *him* a constant guide,
Its power was felt by seeing how he died,
And *she* may gather blessing, and may share
The holy comfort that is treasured there.

She opened it and read, for she alone
Could read, in broken sentences, aloud
Amid her sobs—and thrilling was her tone,
Whilst reverentially the seamen bowed.
She read of immortality, and light,
Of hope through Jesus ; of a world afar,—
Till there seemed kindling on the brow of night
The gentle radiance of some distant star
That beckoned them to follow ; and it grew
Larger and brighter, and its lustre threw
Something like joy amid the gathering gloom,
That else had brooded o'er that new-made tomb.

L A U L I N E.

CANTO II.

CANTO II.

THE sun beneath the evening cloud
May sink in darkness from our view,
And long beneath the misty shroud
May lurk the heaven's own blue ;—
The tree by winter's frost bereft
Of every pleasant leaf of green,
When spring her early couch has left
May be again as it has been,
And morning suns may gem the dew,
And heaven regain its wonted hue.

There are no evenings *all* of gloom,
There are no storms without a smile,
And winter is not *all* a tomb—
But yet she *is*. The *dead* erewhile

Shall start from every opening mound,
 And live again in mightier life
 Than e'er they knew in this world's strife ;
 And so the dull and frosted ground
 Is like enough to human graves—
 Death *seems* the victor—they but stay
 Till Death's own Conqueror comes to say
 “ Wake to the voice of HIM who saves !
 Wake to the sunlight of that day,
 When the prepared shall greet His ray,
 Who rising o'er the darkened earth,
 Shall call the new-born life to birth.”

But not of themes so high as these
 At present is it ours to speak—
 And yet they came upon the breeze,
 Which passed across the whitened cheek
 Of one who stood so sadly lone—
 —We fancied that we heard her tone—
 Sad, but resigned ; and sorrowing, though
 Faith sparkled o'er her placid brow.

Her brow was placid ; too serene
 For long enduring fair to be :
 'Twas like the calm so often seen
 To hover o'er the glassy sea
 Before the storm-wind comes to call
 The billows from their secret caves,

When the tornado and wild squall
Wake into wrath the angry waves.

That calm is pleasant while it lasts,
Like the glad lighting up ere death,

Yet its lone gleam prophetic shadow casts,
And with its beauty mingles baleful breath.

Lauline was calm—and calmer grew,
Whilst fretful were the shipwrecked crew,
And many a day of hardship came,
And little hope of near escape ;
Whilst she continued still the same,
Like kindly genius of the cape ;
And though while waiting, day by day,
No nearing vessel sought the bay,
Yet the abundance of the sea
Helped out the land's sterility.

We turn where gentler prospects smile,
Than those around the lonely isle,
Back to those cherished scenes of home,
Where now the wanderers' thoughts will roam,
Those scenes for which affection yearns,
When they are lost and gone for ever,
For though each seeming tie we sever,
A spirit-link remains, which spirit-sight discerns.

There, a soft breeze was o'er the water straying,
 When the first wreath of Evening's mist was seen,
 And pleasant zephyrs, as in dalliance playing,
 Stirred the light foliage on the banks of green ;
 The sun departing chastened all the scene,
 While its last mellowed tints with quivering ray,
 Just glimmered fitfully the boughs between,
 Giving that loveliness to parting day,
 Which woos by mead or mount to wend our evening
 way.

Meet time for meditation ! and well suited
 Yon spot beneath the branching tree, which spread
 Its arms above the waves that oft saluted
 Its rootlets with their kisses as they sped.
 Long had that aged tree upraised its head,
 When winter swept in snow-storms o'er the plain,
 And in its nakedness had seemed as dead,
 Yet when the spring assumed her gentler reign,
 It donned its leafy robe, and sweetly smiled again.

Tradition coupled with that aged tree
 Strange stories of the dead of other days,
 And many an urchin as he passed would be
 Frighted by fancy, and avert his gaze,
 Or peer more closely through the tangled sprays,
 Either intent to shun or know the worst,
 Whilst wild imagination oft would raise
 The shadowy form of murderous wight accursed,
 Till on the startled sight it seemed in truth to burst.

And just as vaguely does the human heart
Give out its secrets ;—now the prying glance
May catch the ghost-like vision—then a start
Of horror thrills the spirit—Death's wild dance
Is seen within,—and Death's pale trains advance
From out the depths of being. We should flee
Back from each other, were it our sad chance
Even at intervals the guilt to see,
Which rankles in the breast and stirs its enmity.

Yet beautiful that lonely spot,
Where now the Pastor Arnaud sat alone—
Deep brooding, till his moody soul forgot
How time passed on by hours.—He marked them not,
And darkness came ; and then the hollow moan
Of threatening wind, and then the thunder's tone
Spoke distantly. The nimble storm advancing
Swept through the branches with exulting groan,
And luridly the lightning's flash was glancing
On the small stream so late in summer sunshine dancing.

Oh ! lightning can waken the slumbering thought
From the depth's of that stern one's soul !
And he rises as though the storm had brought
Memories beyond control.

There is a wildness in the eye,
That gazing scans the war on high,

As though 'twere glad the while,
 And something in the laugh that plays
 Around the lip with doubtful blaze,
 Too bitter for a smile.
 Too bitter for the smile that glows,
 To mark the spirit's deep repose,
 When tempests shout amain ;
 It lacks those hope-enkindled fires
 Which only innocence inspires,
 And guilt must seek in vain.

And was *he* guilty?—Could there be
 A guiltless heart where vengeance bore
 Almost unbroken sway ?
 Where gentler feelings chased away,
 Would from that darkened bosom flee,
 Though there they dwelt before ?

It is not good for man to be alone,
 Unless alone communing with his God.
 Mind *must* commune with mind to keep its tone
 Up to the pitch of its high destiny—
 He who has never or but seldom trod
 In penitence thy path humility,
 Will find the Tempter try his deadliest power
 In solitude's unguarded, helpless hour.

Man cannot bring himself to *feel* alone ;
 For fancy animates each lifeless thing,
 Peoples the solitudes with forms unknown,
 Gives to the elfin-race each fairy ring,
 To some strange water-sprite the haunted stream,
 To mountain spirits solitary peaks,
 And 'mid the shadowing forest it will deem
 In every passing breeze the wild wood-demon speaks.

But there are subtler things than these,
 Not creatures of our phantasies ;
 Spirits of vast malignant power,
 That steal on man's unguarded hour,—
 Who whisper thoughts with guileful skill
 To win us onward to our ill.

Their language, though it wordless be,
 Finds a prepared response within,
 Some hidden chain of mystery
 Linked with the cherished love of sin—
 Something that will an answer waken
 To those suggestions from below,
 That *throng* upon the God-forsaken—
 Which even purest souls must *know*—
 The reflex of the Evil One,
 The image of *his* form imparted,
 Dwelling in those whom he has won,
 But firmest in the stubborn-hearted.

Those who will lend a listening ear
To these dread messages of fear,
Will soon the fiend's behests obey,
And yield to sin's resistless sway.

And Arnaud listened, till his thought
Was captive to the deadly spell,
As though his very heart had caught
The deep malignity of hell.

“ I would,” he cried, “ that I could seize
That lightning's stroke of withering might,
And turn it wheresoe'er I please
With fateful and unerring blight.
I would not care to have the blaze,
That gleaming shows the purpose won,
I care not for astonished gaze,
So that the thing I wish be done ;
I ask not for the echoing thunder
From out the depths of heaven's profound,
To tell to those who throng around
That mighty instruments of wonder,
Like dread artillery play their part :
No ! silent let the shock arrive,
The victim give one fearful start—
One shriek, and not survive.

Oh, curs'd one ! no longer mine,
I would this storm should reach to thee

And him thou callest thine !—

In vain from vengeance ye may flee !
 The elements shall all conspire
 To gird your path with seathing fire,—
 GOD will such lawless ones condemn,
 Nor will I dare to pity them.”

I know not if the Prince of Air

May be permitted to fulfil
 The godless, vengeance-breathing prayer
 Of those that cherish ill ;
 But so it was *that* storm was felt
 Ere many hours were past,
 By the fated ship where Lauline knelt
 Beside the tottering mast ;
 And the wrath of that tempest with terrible roar,
 Was caught by the echoes on many a shore,
 And when young Morning essayed to smile
 On the desolate rocks of the lonely isle,
 Her eye was wet with a tear of rain,
 That fell upon those whom the pitiless main,
 Had almost forbidden to smile again.

Yet haply these were stricken less than he

Who lingered sadly 'mid familiar scenes—
They must exert each power and energy,—
 For *him* no pressing duty intervenes

To chase corroding thought away ;

But, brooding o'er the fearful past,
Week after week—aye, day by day—

His view is more and more o'ercast,
Whilst better feelings each decay,
And evil wins unhindered sway.

No kindly rainbow on the cloud
Tells of refreshing sunshine near ;

Unmitigated shadows shroud
The almost night-like day of fear :
The stern reprover sterner grows,
And not a sign of pity shows ;

No word of mercy breathes for those
Whom in his impious rage he calls his Master's foes.

Though stern, he had been wont erewhile
To meet the young with greeting smile,
And would some soothing word bestow
On tiny childhood's helpless woe,

But *now* he only saw the trace
Of guilt in every glowing face,
And Beauty's blaze, however bright,

Was but sepulchral lustre now,
And scenes of innocent delight

Were as the breach of solemn vow.—
Each gush of human feeling stirred
That Pastor's voice to chiding word ;
But, for the loving and the young,
Fiercest denunciations breathed,

As though some deadlier poison clung
 Amid those flowers most sweetly wreathed,—
 As though it were a deadly crime
 To strive in this lone world of sin
 So much of Eden's joy to win
 As yet outlives the blight of time.

And days and nights in silent solitude
 He kept apart from all. They noticed this,—
 And busy questioners would now conclude
 That there was something grievously amiss.
 And men did shun him : love gave place to fear.
 That smitten shepherd's flock was scattered wide,
 Content was banished from the mountain side,
 The young would sigh ; the old let fall the tear,
 For even God's own house seemed desolate and drear.

Lauline had been a bright and joyous thing,
 Whose presence cheered the weary labourer's toil :
 They missed her pleasant voice ; for she would sing
 The sacred hymns of childhood ; and the while
 Some simple peasant praised her infant song,
 An answering chord was stirred within his breast
 That realized a hope of endless rest,
 For which that minstrelsy had bade him long.

And, as she grew in years, her kindly look
 Was ever prompt to greet the mountain maid—

And words of cheering from God's holy book,
To those bowed down in spirit, she essayed
To bring with sweet appliance. She partook
A spirit's nature ; and amid the hills
Her soft voice echoing over many a brook,
Seemed joyous in its tone as their bright sparkling rills.

That voice was heard no more ; the song
Was silent now the hills among,—
Perchance herself that cheering needed
Which she on others had bestowed,
Perchance in sorrow, all unheeded,
'Twas her's to bear the bitter load
Of poverty, and vain regret
For home and comforts memoried yet.

END OF CANTO II.

L A U L I N E .

CANTO III.

CANTO III.

THOSE cots that nestle in the snow
Are lighted by the pine-logs' glow,—
'Tis Christmas, and the Mountaineer
Welcomes that centre of the year
With brighter hearths and fuller cheer.

Yet not the sole memorial this
Of true and heartfelt thankfulness ;
They meet and join in vocal praise,
Their glad Hosanna-anthems raise,
And each to each repeats the strain
That Angels sung o'er Bethlehem's plain,
Till echoes catch the sound and sing the song again.

Then, gathered round the social hearth,
They join in innocence of mirth,—

But ere the welcome feast is spread,
 Before the cup of joy is taken,
The memory of the parted dead
 One soft, bright passing tear must waken.
They sorrow not all hopelessly
 For those who are but gone before,
 Though here they may not meet them more,
Yet time is speeding silently,
 And in a never-ending rest
 The lost may be again possessed.

In every cot one memoried name
Unspoken of, unbidden came ;
Thought would revert to one away
The jewel of last Christmas Day,—
For Lauline's smile a year ago
Had shone unsullied as the snow,
When all with Love's own cheerful voicing
 Had hailed her in their choral strain,
The centre of a wide rejoicing—
 Oh ! had they wished her joy in vain ?

There was one dwelling standing alone,
 Deep in the shadow of the mountain,
Crumbled by years, and overgrown
 By mosses, which befit the fountain ;
A lowly and unnoticed place,
 Which foot of pride would pass unheeded,

Yet would the wanderer embrace
Its refuge, were a refuge needed.
There was the blazing pine-log fire,
But not a joyous circle round,—
For death had smitten child and Sire,
And one form alone was kneeling on the ground.

Thither there came an unexpected stranger,
Toil-worn, and sad. She did not stay to ask
If there were entrance for the distant ranger,
For she in sunnier years was wont to bask
On the green turf around, and now
She knows a welcome will be hers within,
Although her sunken cheek, and altered brow,
Might render her unknown to nearest kin.

She entered : and, though changed her form,
She still was unforgotten there,—
For 'mid the tempest and the storm,
Thence had arisen many a prayer
Invoking God's protecting care
On Lauline's distant way ;—
There *now* her faithful nurse was kneeling,
Assured by deep and hopeful feeling
For Lauline's sake to pray.

'Tis true she started when her vision met,
At her first entrance, Lauline's glazing eye,—

'Tis true her cheek with many a tear was wet,
When to her questioning came no reply,
But one deep sobbing and half-stifled sigh :
She *had* been given back again
Yet haply given back in vain.

It was not easy to provide
Much help amid those circling snows—
The cots were scattered far and wide,
And rudely now the night-wind blows ;
Yet when upon her homely bed
The fainting girl was laid,
Quickly the eager widow sped
Adown the mountain glade.
She sought for succour, and it came,
Lured by the spell of Lauline's name.

Beside her bed the matrons crowd,
To show their real good-will—
Although perhaps a little proud
Of their officious want of skill.
The grey-haired Sire, the vigorous youth,
Each willing left the festal board,
Each emulous to prove his truth
Of love, to her they hoped restored :
As ready messengers they wait
Around the lowly cottage gate.

One cot that towers above the rest
Is with no joyous presence blest—
The Pastor's home. He leaves its hearth,
Which echoes not with Christmas mirth ;
He turns aside to seek the gloom
Of Lauline's long deserted room :
It is as when she went away,
Unchanged, as though 'twere yesterday,
Save that some withered wreaths of flowers,
Gathered in Spring's bright sunny hours,
Confess the absence of the hand
That day by day would fondly twine
The floral treasures of the land,
To deck her simple shrine.

The dying embers send a beam
Which makes the darkness darker seem,
And sombre thoughts are sadly shrined
In Arnaud's half-illumined mind ;—
Some thought of Lauline still remains,
Some pitying germ its life retains ;
For though he never breathes her name
He cannot quite forget her claim ;
And yet his pride must needs repress
Each memory of her gentleness.

What startles on the Pastor's ear—
Is it a cry of joy or fear ?

And why that shout of gathering throng
 Instead of wonted carol-song ?
 Hears he *her* name ? or does he dream
 Of what he almost hopes, yet fears ?—
 They near the bridge—they cross the stream—
 That gallant band of mountaineers.

They stand beneath the Pastor's roof,
 They tell their quick and broken tale :—
 He meets them with a stern reproof,
 Though with emotion deadly pale.
 Then, gathering force, he fiercely cried
 " Have I not said that one accursed
 Is by a Father's soul denied ?—
 His purpose may not be reversed !
 This vow is registered on high,
 And *Duty's* claims must be revered—
 I cannot see her !—Though I die
 Shunned, hated, scorned—I must be feared."

Eager, expecting hearts were there,
 Each anxious to be first to bear
 Some welcome tidings back :
 They had not thought a Father's heart
 Could from all parent feelings part,
 And sad was their returning track :
 Weeping they went ; and one by one
 They whispered of that awful vow—

What must be said ? and what be done ?—

Lauline is home-forbidden now.

They reach her nurse's dwelling,

And Lauline seems to sleep as yet,

Though still her breast is swelling

With thoughts which Sleep may not forget.

The whispered tones of those returning

Speak of her Father's angry spurning,

And though those accents may but seem

Like the faint visions of a dream,

She startles from her slumber now,

With fear's cold sweat upon her brow ;—

She dreamed of friendly greetings heard,

But now she feels 'tis all in vain,

Those kind ones utter not a word

All is, alas ! too plain :

She sees those friends to tears are stirred,

She knows the worst, though nought is said,

And with a sigh that might have moved

The Sire that now no longer loved,

Like a drooped lily sank her head

Down on the nurse's humble bed

As though the breath of life had fled.

'Twas long before the broken-hearted

Could raise her trembling eyes to heaven—

At every passing sound she started,—

She thought how wildly she had parted
 With every earthly blessing given :
And yet she lived, and Hope sometimes
 Would gently breathe in softened strain ;
Guilt of premeditated crimes
 On her had left no deepening stain.

By slow degrees she smiled again ;
Although her filial error lent
A pang destructive of content,
Yet quiet trust, submissive feeling,
Brought with them dews of heaven's own healing ;
And now she sought to be alone,
 For kind as those around her were,
She longed to kneel, and weep, and groan,
 Without one earthly witness there.

And those whose genuine love had spread
A shelter over Lauline's head,
Would leave her now from time to time
 Alone to weep, alone to pray—
And once, when pealed the Sabbath-chime,
 Each friendly neighbour now away,
She deemed that she had power to climb
 Up from the vale the churchyard way.

Though fainting oft, she reached at length
 The spot wherein her Mother slept.
She stood with scarcely natural strength,
 Nor idly sighed, nor fondly wept.

It was the hour of evening prayer
But she mingles not with the worshippers there,
Alone in the ancient porch she stands,
With downcast eye and with folded hands,
And she hears a voice, a voice well known,
Though bitter and harsh have its accents grown.
She listens with dread, and would turn away,
For her darkened soul is afraid to pray ;
But there she is bound by a spell, that weaves
 Its meshes around her every thought,
She could hear the sound of the prayer-book leaves,
 By the breeze in the evening's silence brought,
And the tremulous words of her once-loved Sire
 Are the words of other days,
And the shadow of that ancient spire
 Its memoried tale conveys,
Where vows were breathed when she was given
At the holy font as a child of heaven.

Now prayer was over, and they raise
The Anthem of united praise ;
 Then listen for instruction, flowing
From lips which once they loved to hear,
Though now they listen half with fear :
 His eloquence with fire is glowing—
But fire of wrath, and not of love—
Oh ! is it kindled from above ?

Poor Lauline hears :—he speaks of her,
Calls *her* her Father's murderer !—

—One wild, unearthly shriek
 Startles all assembled there,—
 No one dares to stir or speak—
 Is it a spirit of Despair
 Speaking its unavailing prayer
 In agony of pain?

All is hushed and still again :
 Lauline the little porch has left
 Almost of consciousness bereft,
 And sinks beneath a sacred shade
 By yew and walnut branches made,—
 That sacred spot, where she would lay
 Her broken heart with kindred clay.
 And 'twas her death-bed. She no more
 Pity and pardon may implore,—
 She sank in death—but dying gave
 Birth to an infant on her Mother's grave.

Strange whisperings and surmisings keen
 Were rife throughout the peopled glade ;
 Each one was startled and afraid—
 What could the fearful omen mean ?
 Was Arnaud's death-knell clearly rung
 In that strange, supernatural sound ?
 Else why did it seem to bind his tongue ?
 And why follows silence so deeply profound ?

Some impending danger broods
Over the mountain solitudes ;
Either avalanche will sweep
Furious down the Alpine steep,
Or the wolves will venture bold
'Mid the shepherd's richest fold,
Or the hunter on the hill
Vain shall ply his wonted skill,
Or an Enemy shall come
With the roll of threatening drum,
Or, more deadly than the lance,
DEATH shall hither turn his glance.

Idle dreams ! ye say—yet oft
Such in simple hearts will rise
When in Summer's evening soft
Sudden storm invades the skies.
Blame them not !—a power they felt,
'Twere better perhaps if we would feel :
At God's own altar while they knelt
They did not kneel as oft we kneel,
Professing to believe His power,
To do what seemeth good to Him,
Yet calling, in the following hour
Such truth a superstitious whim.

It may be, and perhaps it is
Folly to see the coming doom,—

Yet who could hear a voice like this
 Breaking the still of Evening's gloom
And nothing feel?—It spake to *one*.
 With withering power the message came,
And Arnaud writhed. Though marked by none
 His very soul was scathed by flame.

The people parted. He alone
 Within that silent Church remained,
Where every voiceless form of stone
 A kind of Spirit-utterance gained.

It was a goodly fane that told
Of the wealth bestowed in the days of old,
And Fancy still would seek the smile
Of Beauty, to gladden the lonely aisle.
There was here and there a trace of decay,
Where the walls were marked by the lichen grey,
And often amid the cloisters dim
Would the flickering bat at evening skim,
And the busy spider wove her veil
In the rich carved work of the altar rail :
It appeared as though Ruin had peeped within,
But might not as yet an entrance win,
Though the cold, deserted, and desolate air,
Too plainly breathed that neglect was there.

And what were Arnaud's thoughts the while
He paced along the solemn aisle?—

And when the chimes of the Evening hour
 Were pealing forth from the lofty tower,
 What was the truth which the Pastor felt
 As, self-accused, in the Church he knelt ?

“ Aha ! ’twas a strange, wild thought of old,
 That when the bell from the Church-tower tolled,
 The Spirits of Hell affrighted fled
 From the hearts of the living and graves of the dead ;
 That *then* the Evil One would not dare
 To haunt the Saint in the house of prayer.
 But, alas ! it was fancy ! The holiest chime
 Will smooth not the furrows of earlier crime,
 And the seed of Storm, which the Fiends of Air
 Have planted in by-gone seasons there,
 Will its terrible harvest of whirlwind bear.”

Presage of dread !—’Twas quickly found
 Lauline had left her lonely room :
 Some hasting to the burial ground,
 Instinctive sought her Mother’s tomb—
 And there indeed the victim lay
 A cold and silent form of clay.

With matron-care the babe they tend,
 Whose feeble wail is faintly heard,
 And while the needful aid they lend,
 By gentlest sympathizings stirred :

They bear the lifeless corpse away,
And place it in the porch apart,—
Thither the Father's footsteps stray—
Oh ! had you seen his fearful start !

No speech his opening lips would yield,
No tear might cool his burning eye,
No groan be heard,—he breathed no sigh,—
Expression's fountains all were sealed ;
Like an embodiment in stone,
He seemed to every passer by,
To tell how much was undergone
Of heart-corroding agony.

They buried Lauline in her Mother's grave,
And lilies with their earliest bloom,
And scented blossoms, sweetly wave
Around the quiet tomb.

Arnaud was there what time they laid
His daughter in the yew-tree shade ;
But reason, feeling, all were fled ;
He seemed less living now than dead,
A helpless Idiot, pitied now
Even by those who knew his vow.

LAULINE.



CANTO IV.



CANTO IV.

WHAT mighty changes may we trace
 Within a few revolving years !—
The beauteous form forgets its grace,
 The smile of youth is lost in tears ;
The child of yesterday has now
The weight of age upon his brow ;
Whilst we forget the varied scenes
 Through which our own wild path has led,—
For memory almost always leans
 Most upon days the longest fled,—
We fancy *we* are still unchanged,
Whilst friendly ones have grown estranged.

When Lauline in the day of storm
 Sought, on the weather-beaten shore,
To find her husband's lifeless form
 She deemed his course was o'er :

Each was supposed by each to sleep
Calm in the bosom of the deep ;
Yet each survived to feel again
 The misery of life—
To reach once more the haunts of men,
 And share in human strife.

Ronan, for such her husband's name,
 Was drifted on the mast away
Far from the place where Lauline came
 Upon that fated day,
And on another islet lone
Was Ronan all unconscious thrown.

Rescued he was, but days passed by
Before the soul illumed his eye,
And then again upon the ocean
 He felt that he was speeding on—
 'Twas but a dream that she was gone—
Some phantom 'mid the mind's commotion—
How could it be that they had been
Partakers in such deadly scene,
Yet he alive, and still must be
Safe in the ship and out at sea ?

How sweetly does the breeze of spring
Its blossom-opening freshness bring,
How sweetly does the sunshine smile,
And pleasant flowers expand the while,—

But if the frozen breeze shall blow,
 And blooms retire, and leaves retreat
 Beneath the covering of snow,
 As waiting for some genial heat,
 'Tis kindly nature gives them here
 A hiding place from blasts severe,
 To keep the promise of the year.

Something there is akin to this,
 When o'er the overburdened soul,
 That lately took its fill of bliss,
 The winds of torturing trouble roll.

There is a shield of moral snow,
 By God's own loving-kindness given,
 Which stays the hardest frosts of woe,
 And saves the heart by sorrow riven.
 The torpor of the time removes
 The earlier feeling which betrays
 To murmuring.—Surely this reproveth
 Impatience; for our God delays
 The threatened vengeance, and He stays
 Till those He punishes may bear
 Their grievous lot, unbroken by despair.

They have their future tasks in future years.—
 Reproved and not destroyed, 'tis theirs to be
 The messengers of mercy. This appears
 The holiest part of their high destiny,

To go to those who weep and wipe their tears,
To soothe the mourner in the house of sorrow,
To speak of peace to those who sigh for rest,
To show the rising sun of heaven's to-morrow,
And pour the oil of comfort in the wounded breast.

But Ronan, when he first became alive
To all he was—to all he had been—felt
In spite of all resolve, there would revive
Some feelings deemed suppressed, what time he knelt
Upon the sinking vessel—and he blamed
His Lauline's father for the fearful fate
Of her he loved. Oh! was it now too late
For him to be repentant? Had he named
The name of Christ, and named it all in vain?—
His path to peace must be along the way of pain.

Around he looked on faces strange,
He heard a tongue till now unknown,
'Twas his that ocean-path to range
With many, yet alone.

Some secret sighs, some bitter tears
Were heaved and shed for former years,
But manly courage came again—
A man among his fellow-men.
He nerved himself for toil,
Prepared to brave the hardest fate,—
He could not be more desolate,—
And though he might not smile,

He could be calm and self-possessed,
When groundless fear unmanned the rest.

He takes his post. As yet the gales
Are favouring to the wide-spread sails,
And on they wend with meteor haste
Towards regions of the northern waste.—
As yet no danger seems to rise
From out the depth of Arctic skies ;
Successful enterprise has gained
Almost the guerdon of her boast,
And every sinew now is strained
To reach the frost-bound coast.

Though dark the prospect, yet the beams
Of Hope arise, and shed their gleams
Of lovely radiance o'er the scene,
That else had desolation been.
Much like the clime, where crisps the sea
Beneath the ice-breeze silently,
Where Evening from her ebon wings
The long enduring night-time flings,
And winter holds a lengthened reign
In glacier-palace o'er the main.
Yet 'mid the gloom a glorious race
Flashed from the concave lend a grace,
And every frost-made crystal gleams
Bright as a gem when morning beams,
And when the Spring returns, her hours
Do but appear to *wake* the flowers,

For, starting from her magic hand,
At once their clusters paint the strand.

So from the night of Ronan's woe
Shall rise a morn of brightest glow.
Through want and peril, toil and pain,
'Tis his to win his home again ;
And Hope, like borealis light,
Now beams across his darkest night.

With hunter skill, and fearless heart,
He wields the spear, or flings the dart,—
Or, from behind some bank of snow,
His rifle, with unerring aim,
Sends amid herds of arctic game
The desolating blow.

Meanwhile the frost-blocked channels stay
The wanderers from their long-lost homes,—
Oh, they may sigh for those away—
Yet such the fate of him who roams !—
The vessel, in that frozen sea,
Sleeps by an iceberg helplessly.

Long years roll by, ere Ronan gains
Once more his native hills and plains ;
Through many a clime, o'er many a sea,
He struggled on undauntedly.

At length he comes with golden store,
 Exhaustless, as would deem the poor ;—
 Too soon he learns his Lauline's doom,
 He weeps upon her lowly tomb.
 But bitter thoughts come thronging there,
 Almost the presage of despair.

“Twas his own hated arm that grasped
 So anxiously the drifting mast,

Which fatally conveyed
 His own still vigorous being past
 The isle where Lauline prayed.—
 Why had he saved his worthless life ?

He might have swam and gained the shore ;
 Or, if amid the waters' strife,

He'd sunk to rise no more,
 He had not known those bitterest tears
 Belonging to his later years.”

Then he bethinks him—“She is now at rest,
 Not waiting to be blest ;

But already enjoying the heavenly smile
 Which beams in the presence of God,—
 While he must continue with effort and toil

To tread the same path which his Lauline had trod,—
 Her warfare was over, with him was the strife,
 The change and the sorrow, the battle of life.”

There gathered some around whom he had known—
 How changed they were!—alas ! they knew him not,

He had forgotten how the years had flown
Since he forsook in youth his Alpine cot,—
Yet who than he more likely to be found
At that lone grave in yonder burial ground?—
He had forgotten they supposed him dead,
That no one dreamed of such a strange return—
Yet speculation, like some tiny burn,
Grew in its depth and strength, as on and on it sped.
At last some glimmering flashes of the truth
Beamed upon one or other. Some in youth
Had shared with him the chamois chase,
And these now fancied they could trace
Lines of an unforgotten face.

There was a spot called Lauline's bower,
Close bordering on a mountain lake,—
And thither in the Evening hour
Ronan his frequent way would take;—
And now he sought this spot again,
And knelt beside the silent flood—
Oh! little was he thinking then
How near his side his daughter stood!

That little lake was still and hushed,
Save where one whispering runlet gushed;
There, never splash of hasting oar
Sent ruder ripples to the shore;
But fanned by breezes softly passing,
That kissed so lightly as they played,—
Its bosom might be formed for glassing
The beauties that o'erhung the glade.

It mirrored one whose form so fair,
 An image of such perfect grace,
 The very spirit of the place,
 If 'twere embodied, well might wear.
 She stood—and one bright tear-drop stealing
 Down from that eye where beauty sleeps,
 Softened the lustrous gleam that peeps
 Forth from beneath the long dark lash,
 Incapable of quite concealing
 Its wonted lightning flash.

She had grown up, amid the wild,
 A lovely, but neglected child,
 The plaything of the old and young,
 Where, parentless, her lot was flung.
 It was her Mother's glance that now
 The startled eye of Rouan met,
 Reflected from the wave below
 On one who well remembered yet
 How he and Lauline loved to gaze
 On those blue depths in earlier days.

“ Oh! phantom of the vanished dead,
 And dost thou beckon me away?—
 Wearest thou still a form so fair?
 And have not weariness and care
 Yet turned thy raven-tresses grey,
 Nor stooped thy buoyant head?—
 Oh! I forgot that thou had'st left the world,
 That now no earthly weight thou bearest,

That now a Spirit-form thou wearest—
All harmless cares upon thy path were hurled.”

Yet what he saw was scarcely a creation
Of fevered fancy, from old memoried scenes,
It cannot be that mere imagination
Paints the light moving bough which intervenes
At intervals, and hides the face
Reflected there. Can he not clearly trace
The moving outline? Lauline must be there,
Lending that mountain tarn her face so fair.

“Lauline! my lost one! art thou there?” he cried,
And Lauline’s image bounded to his side—
“Father! they told me so—it must be true—
They said I had a Father, and ’tis you;
They told me, too, that you would know my name—
Lauline, you said—*my Mother’s* was the same.”

The words were simple, yet they had the power
Once more to call to life a fainting soul,—
To Ronan this had been a trying hour,
Thronged with wild feelings almost past control.
He struggled with them, yet that favourite bower
Had nearly witnessed how his life of care
Would seek in death itself a refuge from despair.
Now he was saved! That angel whisper came
In time to breathe the magic of *her* name,
And fearful thoughts, and guilty purpose fled,
Chased by the memory of the sainted dead:

A father's feeling, and a parent's love,
Now o'er his withered spirit move,
While wordless tears alone express
The strength and depth of tenderness.

They lingered till the Evening Hymn
Came pealing from the vale below,
And shadows flung their vestments dim
Over the sunset's glow.

Peace once again might cast her smile
O'er Ronan's weather-beaten brow,
For filial tones will oft beguile
The wretched from their woe.

Aye, peace, and more than peace, shall grow
For him who mourned and suffered long,
And joy its radiant beams shall throw
On those forgiving wrong.



L A U L I N E .

CANTO V.

CANTO V.

As streamlets down the mountain side
Through the soft moss in stillness glide,
Not whispering of the path they take
To join the waters of the lake,
So silently those loved ones went
Down to the Alpine settlement ;
And there were those to greet them there,
To offer of their cots a share,
To wipe their tears and soothe their care.

Emotion's first wild conflict o'er,
They felt a peace unknown before,
And those they met were glad to see
One of their own old company ;
And yet they spake of thoughts to him
That he had striven to suppress ;

His faith no longer faint and dim,
Had lived and grown amid distress—
Strength springs from trial! he had known
The might which thus springs up alone.

Trembling he mentions Arnaud's name—
And some with angry flashing eye,
Betokening vengeful energy,
With eager readiness exclaim
“ Oh, retribution just! His woe
Is deeper than his daughter bore—
He saw, he knew it all before—
Aye, he has sunk beneath the blow,
Reaping the fruits he dared to sow.”

“ A maniac in a wretched cell!
Oh, you may go and mock him now,
And bid the cruel father tell
His own bad tale—the why—the how
He sunk to that same low estate ;
Now you may laugh to hear the voice
That caused you to be desolate,
Itself unable to rejoice !”

The tears down Ronan's manly cheek
Chased one another. “ Could they speak
Of such revenge to one whose breath
Spoke pity in the view of death?
No! no!” he cried, “ *once* unforgiven
I stood beneath the eye of Heaven,

And then, not looking long to live,
 I spake a promise to forgive—
 Yea! *this* the copy of the prayer,
 Raised in that moment of despair ;”
 (For the young Lauline now had placed
 A well-worn Bible on his knee,
 And there her Mother’s pen had traced
 Those words of peace which set her free
 From sin’s dark spell, upon the deck,
 Whilst waiting the expected wreck)—
*“ Father forgive, as we forgive,
 Oh, let us die forgiven !
 So that the parted ones of earth
 May meet again in heaven !”*

“ Lauline, my daughter ! we must strive
 To keep such feeling still alive,
 And be it ours, my girl, to tend
 Your Grandsire as a helpless friend.”

That night the very soul of prayer
 Seemed to diffuse its presence there :
 The spirit of the gentle child
 Caught the rich feeling, though she smiled
 At the strange thought, so strange to her
 Of going to her Grandsire’s cell,
 To be his cheerful minister,—
 And she will do her bidding well,—
 All bitter feelings pass away
 Before the dawn of heavenly day !

How sweet the sleep, how bright the happy dreams
Of those who share that dwelling's calm repose !
Although not richer than, when morning beams,
Is that soft calm each loving bosom knows,
Lit by the lustrous light which from *forgiveness* flows.

It was not long ere Arnaud's weary lot
Was seen and pitied. To a cheerful cot
They moved the helpless man. He felt the change ;
He looked on those he saw, but knew them not—
Yet ever and anon in accents strange
He spake to one or other. At the first
Ronan would stay alone,—he saw the worst
And did not wish his Lauline to despise
One who might yet give joy instead of care,
And so he waited. Still the sufferer's eyes
Were quite indifferent, nor seemed to share
Aught that was felt by those so kindly gathered there.

One day, alone beside that poor old man
Ronan had sat in silence very long.—
He was departing,—Arnaud then began,
Something between a narrative and song,
“ Oh, listen to me, Sir ! you do not know
The mystery that hangs about my woe,
Hear ! hear, from my own lips, the fearful tale,
Hear horror, if you can, and not turn pale ! ”

Now Ronan's heart was really, truly kind,
And so he turned again, and paused to hear

Those words of misery and fear,—
 They were the first which that old man had spoken,
 Which seemed to promise a return of mind,
 And they were hailed as a propitious token.
 Yet soon he wandered;—no continuous thought
 As yet was his. Now was the time of dreams,
 With something more than common feeling fraught,
 Though fed by water from distempered streams.

“ I see them glare in the lightning’s blaze,
 And redly frown in the morning’s haze,
 And they point at me as they wanton by,
 In the shriek of the storm, and the soft wind’s sigh ;
 When I try to whisper a holy prayer,
 And turn me to heaven, I see them there ;
 They mock me in dreams, and they steal my rest,
 Though they wear the forms that I love the best ;
 For they dance along in a ghastly crowd ;
 And the garment they wear is the grave-yard shroud,
 Their eye-balls are shrunk, and their cheeks turned pale,
 And their green teeth chatter as howls the gale ;
 But they wildly laugh to hear me groan
 To be for a moment alone—alone !
 Then they shout to their fellows. They come, they come !
 Unearthly forms from their shadowy home,
 Till there is not a leaf that moves on the tree
 But carries its demon for torturing me.”

“ I heard them whisper I should dwell
 Alone in some secluded cell,—

Oh, then, methought there *is* a spell
 To keep these hideous things away,
 And how I longed to win the calm
 That once more promised to be mine !
 That whisper was a healing balm,
 For what they whispered seemed to say,
 That yet for me some cheering ray
 Amid the gathering dark might shine !

“ But they were demons. Down ! down ! down !
 They dragged me to a cold damp room,
 With angry tone, and threatening frown,
 That gleamed like lightning 'mid the gloom.
 They left me there ! they shut me in
 Amid embodiments of sin,
 They chuckled when they heard me groan,
 They *knew* I was not left ALONE.
 And days, and nights, and weeks went by,
 My daily bread and water came,
 But not one sympathizing eye—
 'Twas ever, ever still the same.”

* * * *

“ I cannot tell you how I came
 To lie on this soft, quiet bed,
 I think that I am still the same—
 And yet I dreamed that I was dead :
 I did not think my body now
 Had aught at all to do with earth,

But things come back again to show
 The meanness of our present birth—
 ‘*Of the earth earthy!*’—yet we know
 Right little of the solemn past,
 And all the future’s radiant glow
 Is by the cloud of flesh o’ercast.
 Though shadowy all, I yet must love
 The sweetness of that solemn scene
 Where spirits of the parted rove
 The woodland openings between.”

* * * *

A gentle girl was by his side,
 Like one his happier years had known,
 And, ere he drank the cup of pride,
 He called that lovely one his own.

And now his scanty hair was grey,
 But hers was still the raven curl;
 If envious years had passed away
 They had not scathed that trusting girl,
 Fearing, perchance, her glances meek,
 They had not paled with poisonous woe
 The rose that bloomed upon her cheek,
 Nor traced with care her polished brow.

He listened, and he seemed to hear
 The soothing words that fell,
 As, gushing from his eye, a tear
 Promised to break the spell

That long had banned that aged one
From every lovely thing—
And, now his life was nearly run,
To end his sorrowing.

At length there came a child-like smile—
Such smile was his in other days—
It seemed so free from earthly guile,
It might have been a heavenly blaze,
And, oh ! it *was* a holy vision
Surely, that called him back to life,
Painting for him a scene Elysian
Even amid the shades of strife.

Yet think not all at once he grew
To be himself again—
Even the morning's brightest hue
Has shadows to precede its train,
And Memory's first return from slumber
Is all confused and full of dreams ;
It weighs not time, it counts not number,
And scarcely is the thing it seems.

* * * *

“ Aye, 'tis an Angel !—when they laid
The loved and loving in the grave,
I heard the mattock and the spade
Clang yonder, where the Yew-trees wave—

I saw the vault—they should have hid
 The name upon the coffin lid!—
 There were the letters, marked in flame,
 I was the murderer, hers the name.
 It was the image of my heart,
 In which her name was deeply shrined—
 Nay, friendly one, thou need'st not start,
 But from that coffin lid there shined
 A name I know—I dare not tell,
 Marked on my heart with fire from Hell,
 And o'er it in a softer blaze
 The light of Heaven's own glory shone,
 As though to mock my eager gaze,
 By telling where the loved was gone—
 Ah! it was mockery to me,
 For there my home might never be.

“I was the creature of despair—
 Companion to the fiends of air.
 I gazed upon the sacred page,
 But only saw the words of wrath
 Flashing in burning glances forth:
 Like those, who in an earlier age
 Round Sinai's eloud-girt summit ranged,
 Saw their great Prophet's visage changed,
 No more the meek and gentle friend,
 But one whose brow was clothed in fire,
 The token of Celestial ire;
 So would old blessed memories blend
 With thoughts that now were always mine,

Which would their fearful aspect lend
To scare the smile of peace and love ;
 Once joy would beam from every line,
Now Heaven's own gold and silver dove,
Had dwelt 'mid Earth's polluting things,
And there was poison on her wings.
I knew that she was still the same,
 The same bright bird to others yet,—
To *me* she was a withering flame—
 Oh, how I struggled to forget !

“ One morn they took me to a spring
 That bubbled up the rocks between,
And sparkling gems amid the spray,
 Like glow-worms on a bank of green,
Seemed to enjoy their amorous play ;
Or insects on their gold-bright wing
All glittering in the sunshine ray.
Oh, they were beautiful! They grew
To larger form and fairer hue.
Were they not messengers of heaven,
To soothe the world-rent bosom given ?
I think they were. They came at first
Like dew on one o'er-parched with thirst,
A pledge of better blessings sent
To win the murmurer to content.

“ I grew more calm—I did not see
One face among them mocking me.

I thought,—and yet I know not whether
They whispered to me “*Come up hither!*”
But so it was, I seemed to rise,
Borne on a spray-wreath toward the skies,
And Earth’s harsh scenes, and Sorrow’s sighs
Were left behind, far, far below
In their own home of sin and woe.

“ They bore me on—I know not where—
Those brilliant beings moved the cloud—
On, on we went through realms of air,
From fairer scenes to scenes more fair,
So bright, that Evening’s gathering shroud
Shrunk back again at our appearing,—
Night was afraid!—her shadows fled,
And glory circled round my head,
And gems of an unearthly shine
Plucked from the radiant stars were mine
In all that glad careering.

“ I said that angels bore me on —
Oh, Angels surely those must be!
A moment present, and anon
Glancing through all immensity.
I saw them, felt them, heard them sing,
I watched them rest on outspread wing,
And then, within a point of space,
They left me resting where I lay,
Amid a light more calm than day,

The while my gifted eye could trace
 Those spirits on their upward way.

“ Oh, I was sad to see them go—
 I could not guess their embassy—
 I thought of scenes of former woe,
 If that is thought, when, wild as dreams,
 The present is not what it seems,—
 They *had* been blessed hours to me,
 Or moments haply that had power
 Each to be equal to an hour—
 But—had they gone to ask their God
 His purpose towards a child of sin?
 It might be theirs to bear the rod
 For one who oftentimes had trod
 The paths of guilty crime,
 And he who had not cared to win
 The approval of his heavenly sire,
 At length might find the fated time,
 When, hurled from happiness sublime,
 His lot should be unquenchèd fire.

“ They left me, and it grew quite dark,
 And yet it did not seem like night—
 Music far sweeter than the lark
 Pours at the dawning of the light,
 Came gushing on my soul, and made
 Almost a sunshine of the shade.
 Sweet strains were these—those plaintive sighs,
 Rich as Æolian melodies—

But these were nothing—there were nigh,
 Like those from blessed Araby,
 Perfumes and scents from odorous flowers
 For many pleasant pleasant hours,
 So sweet ! it seemed a phantasy.

“ And there I lay—I did not dream !
 Oh, no ! it was too true for sleep—
 Yes, I must startle—I must scream,
 Should aught awaken me to weep.
 Awaken *me* ! *They* well might try
 Who wished to hurt me, and to break
 The pleasant slumber which can lie
 On one so now subdued and meek—
 My pride was gone—for me no more
 Ambition’s tempest woke its roar,
 I would not now be proud again,
 My PRIDE has all been pride in vain !”

* * * *

“ What did I say ? Did reason come
 And tell of long past seasons still ?
 I thought I heard the distant hum
 From out my native hamlet straying
 And caught the rippling of the rill
 Beside the village roadway playing.
 What is it now ? I know that face,
 Oh, surely now I live again !
 And yet the fever of my brain
 Racks me with something worse than pain,

I cannot measure time or space—
 I know not how or when it chanced—
 But still, o'er me, electric flame
 Or baleful comet's influence glanced,
 To make me now no more the same.

“ The same ! It were in vain to dream
 Of all those long, long vanished days ;
 'Twere tracing to its fount a stream
 Around whose fount no beauty plays—
 The things of loveliness are gone,
 Even the few that lured us on.

“ 'Twas sweet to me. You see it all,
 Bright angels stand beside me now,
 The lost, the long-lost, loved are here—
 They come to heal my broken vow,
 They hush the sigh ; they mark the tear,
 Aye, all the tears that silent fall,
 They watch them, and they wait the call
 Of one who did not mean them wrong,
 One who was led away by guile,
 Whose thoughts were still on holy song
 Though evil tempted him the while.”

* * * *

Though rambling thoughts, in words as wild,
 Were breathed, as to his long-lost child,

Though shadowy visions only met
The sense of his distempered eye,
There were some gleams of memory yet
Which might grow stronger by and bye.
Sometimes a mindless laughter rang
When sunshine lit the pleasant room,
Or cries that told of inward pang,
When Evening shadowed it with gloom.
But now and then that silent tear,
Which only Reason knows to shed,
Would give them hope in place of fear,
The while they watched beside his bed,
For they were glad to see him show
The calm consistency of woe.

At length once more the Christmas blaze
Was bright in every mountain home,
As Arnaud, with enquiring gaze,
Looked from the window of his room.
'Twas plain some mighty spell was working
Deeply within his troubled heart,
There might be clearer memory lurking,
Although as yet enshrined apart.
Did he look back to other days ?
Did he remember one sad night,
When o'er the waste such cheerful blaze
Guided the wanderer by its light ?—
Rest now his thoughts upon the gloom,
Which shadowed then lost Lauline's room ?
When He, himself uncheered and sad,
His daughter's home-return forbad ?

Such *are* his thoughts. The past comes back—
Each after each, its shadowy scenes
Sweep by along a sinuous track,
Whilst scarce a shadow intervenes.
Outlined as clearly as they were
When they were real, not memoried, things,
They almost wake again Despair,
With all the agony it brings.

The Fiend of Madness now asserts again
His fearful power to torture Arnaud's brain.
The furious passion of his early life
Grows into curbless fury—and the strife
Of his tossed spirit scarcely knows a bound.
Ronan's fond hopes are prostrate on the ground—
The soul-less man can never breathe Her name,
Or speak that pardon which he longs to claim.
Oh, deem not thus! Young Lauline's youthful spirit
Thinks of the Spring, when flowers shall rise anew,
She whispers "shall these fading things inherit
The freshening influence of celestial dew,
And man be left uncared for?—Father, no!
God has his purposes, you say, to serve—
Since he afflicts us we must bear the blow,
And feel that it is less than we deserve.
But, say you not that he will answer prayer?
Then why, my Father, why should we despair!"

Sweet youthful prophetess, thy strain
Can scarcely sound and sound in vain:

Faith hath grown up in thee, and cheers
Away by smiles thy Father's fears,
No hopelessness may dwell with thee
Thou child of pure sincerity.
Again, although by slow degrees,
The storm of passion felt a lull,
And, ere the spring had clothed the trees,
And made the meadows beautiful,
Almost a child-like quiet came—
Indeed he did not seem the same.

Where wild consuming fire has sped
On to the prairie's utmost bound,
Where'er the scathing flame has spread,
Is leafless yet productive ground :
It may be waste and barren now,
Yet the attentive swain shall rear,
Wherever he shall drive his plough,
The golden harvest of the year.
Awhile is left a sterile seeming,
But by degrees the rain from heaven
Will show, by fields with plenty teeming,
The fruitful seasons God has given :
So violent emotions often,
When their first wrathful fire shall cease,
May serve, perchance, to soothe and soften,
And fit the soul for scenes of peace.

When spring-tide brought the scented flowers
Young Lauline would arrange those gems

In wild but natural diadems,
Reminding Arnaud of departed hours,
In which another Lauline decked
With the same fleeting things her brow—
How altered now!—She lieth low—
The flowers are faded—life is wrecked.

Then sweetly clustered in the cheerful room
Blue violet groups were everywhere displayed,
They brought back memories of the scented glade
Where they were wont, unplucked, to shed perfume :
And Arnaud's strength was now so much renewed,
His fevered frenzy now so much subdued,
That in the garden's laurel-sheltered way,
Leaning on Lauline, he would calmly stray,
And by degrees the mossy lanes were sought,
Stirring up holier thoughts, with happier feeling fraught.

Each memoried walk had lessons of the past, [veyed,
Each murmuring stream some whispering voice con-
Each ancient tree, each shadow that was cast
By rock or hill, its own impression made.
And then at last alone would Arnaud wander,
Ronan and Lauline watching him unseen—
Often they saw him pause, and seem to ponder
The story of some well remembered scene—
And once, when evening shadows gathered o'er,
They marked him seeking out the yew-tree gloom,
That silent churchyard where some time before
Ronan was found beside his Lauline's tomb ;

And there the old man knelt. His lifted eye
 Was raised to heaven, and calmly now he prayed.
 Faith was re-kindled. In that distant sky
 Dwelt two fair spirits freed from earthly shade,
 Spirits of those who, whilome, mourned below,—
 For Lauline's mother had her cup of woe,—
 And he might soon rejoin them. There he wept,
 But wept not hopelessly. The tears he shed
 Brought down a blessing on his aged head ;
 His prayer was answered, and he knew the peace
 Which pardoned sinners only know,
 When their fierce self-accusings cease,
 And love-won hearts with comfort glow.
 Heaven's pardon had removed the ban,
 And Arnaud rose an altered man,
 Clothed with a meek and quiet mind,
 With heart subdued, and soul refined.

He sought the cheerful hill-side cot,
 Which seemed more cheerful than before,
 For waiting at its open door
 Were those who shared the blessed lot
 That broken spirit to restore ;
 And now he looked as when of yore
 No sullyng passion stained his brow,
 And when from gentle lips would flow
 The words of blessing or of prayer,
 Or in the Church-assembled throng
 Would join in tones of holy song,
 As though untouched by care.

They silently embraced—words were too weak
The thoughts of those full hearts to speak—

Till Ronan, on his bended knee,
The Pastor's parent-blessing sought,
And Lauline knelt instinctively.—
Straight in his arms the old man caught

The girl, and kissed her tenderly,
And taking Ronan by the hand,
Gently, yet firmly, bade him stand.

“*You* are the injured—mine the task
From you forgivenesses to ask,
Yet I believe you have forgiven,

For if you had not loved me well,
I had not lived to break the spell
Which kept me back from peace with heaven.
I feel that God has cancelled crimes
Committed in my erring times,
Still for my few short days below
'Twill be some solace that I know
You can a like forgiveness show.”

* * * * *

The morrow comes, and the Sabbath chime
Is sounding over the fragrant thyme,
And the scented breezes, as they float,
Bear onward the voice of the holy note,
And it reaches the Pastor's raptured ear.—
Though the sound to him was ever dear,
On many a Sabbath although it tolled,
And along the valleys its echoes rolled,
Yet not till this glorious spring-tide morn
Was its sound to the aged Arnaud borne.

Before his name is numbered with the dead
He longs again those holy courts to tread,
His heart with sacred gratitude o'erflows,
His kindling eye with heavenly feeling glows ;
Though his transgression may have led astray
Some of the flock whom once he taught to pray,
Yet now, repentant, he may win them back
By " words of love, from misery's thorny track,"
Himself a warning beacon, he would tell
The happiness he knew before he fell,
Would paint the bitter anguish of the soul
That yields itself to passion's wild control,
Then would extol the all-sufficient grace
Which led him from his wanderings, to retrace
His erring steps, and to regain the way
Which leads to regions of eternal day.

With gentle Lauline at his side
He entered now the ancient aisle,
And, with a venerable smile,
Which seemed reflected far and wide,
He *looked* a blessing on the throng
Assembled there for matin-song.
He who had filled the Pastor's place
During his long, long absent hours,
Sees in his calm, expressive face
The token of returning powers.
He leads him to the vestment room,
And robes him with the Pastor's dress,
And o'er that brow, once dark with gloom,
Beams the rich light of thankfulness.

Then, as they enter the holy fane,
Feelings are stirred which we cannot restrain—
Every one rises the Pastor to greet,
They feel it a comfort that thus they may meet,
Then silent they wait for the words he shall tell,
For of old he had loved and instructed them well.

They listened with attention mute,
And he, as though inspired,
Spoke freely of the bitter fruit
Which sprang to him from poison-root,
When pride his spirit fired—
He asked forgiveness of his God,
Forgiveness of his fellow men ;—
How oft for pity he had trod
Each pathway of the mountain glen,
Before the evil shadow came
Which made a mockery of his name.—
He asked their pity, and their tears
Told they remembered other years—
He spoke of mercy freely given
To one who every tie had riven
That bound his heart to earth or heaven,
And, like a soul already free,
He pointed to eternity,
And his last benediction gave
Even in sight of Lauline's grave.

Poor human nature cannot bear
The full extremes of joy or woe,

And when the soul is free from care
 The strength is often waxing low ;
 And so it was in Arnaud's case,
 His spirit-life was strengthened now,
 Yet must his feeble body bow,
 For well-nigh finished is his race.

He feebly uttered " Home ! *my* home !"
 And soon in his lost Lauline's room
 He woke to consciousness again,—
 I know not if 'twere joy or pain—
 But, as he glanced around,
 He saw that it was still the same—
 We heard not from his lips a sound
 But yet his colour went and came,
 As though within him bliss and woe
 Were pulse-like throbbing to and fro.

Ronan and Lauline knelt beside his bed—

He grew more calm, he marked their suppliant look.
 He laid his quivering hand on either head,
 And then, in trembling accents feebly said,
 " Oh never cease to heed that blessed book,
 Walk by its maxims, it shall teach the way
 From sin and death, to where the heavenly ray
 Beams from the throne of God, and every eye
 Is free from tears, and hushed is every sigh.
 On you, my children ! may a blessing rest,
 Those who have solaced others shall be blest" — —

Now quickly came his panting breath
 He tried to speak—we could not hear—
 It was the solemn hour of death,
 Which he could meet without a fear,
 For, calm as if in slumber lying,
 The Pastor, full of peace, was dying.

* * * * *

When he had run his mortal race
 We laid him on a lowly bier,
 But not the keenest eye could trace
 Even the shadow of a tear
 To dim the quiet of his face.

Sweetly he sleeps where yew-trees wave
 Beside his daughter's humble grave,
 And oft, beneath the walnut's gloom,
 The peasant points to that lone tomb,
 Where stands a monumental stone
 To those who on before are gone,
 And it is graven thereupon—

“**FATHER** forgive! as we forgive,
 Oh, let us die forgiven!
 So that the parted ones of earth
 May meet again in Heaven.”

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

EZEKIEL'S VISION.

LISTEN, son of Buzi's line,
Tones are heard by Chebar's stream,
Lightning starts from hands divine—
Oh! it cannot be a dream!
Lo! the northern whirlwind sweeps—
Clouds majestic meet the gaze,
Where an amber radiance sleeps,
Like a robe of folded blaze.

See the living creatures now
Bursting from their misty shroud—
Forms of light with dazzling brow
On the astonished vision crowd!
Gaze, and every feature know;
Look! for now the spirit flings,
Veiling its excessive glow,
Shadow from its seraph wings.

Gaze!—for through the mighty frame,
Moving onward to and fro,
Flashes of Celestial flame
Gleam where'er the Spirits go :
Listen!—from their moving wings
Echoes far a mighty sound,
Such the deep-toned tempest flings,
Billowing the deep profound.

As the lightning hastes away,
Glancing quick from pole to pole,
Prophet! mark their onward way,
Mark the subject wheels that roll,
Speeding on their dreadful rings,
Lit with myriad eyes around,
Till the Spirit heavenward springs,
Bearing them above the ground.

While the mighty Spirit stays
All the awful structure feels,
How the slumber of its blaze
Checks the progress of the wheels ;
How the amber light grows dim,
Till a voice in thunder breaks,
Mightier than the Seraphim—
Hark!—it is the Godhead speaks !

* * * *

THE INDIAN'S DEATH SONG.

I GO to the Hills of the Setting Sun,
For the sands of life are well nigh run ;
I go to ascend the lonely peak,
Whence the founts of blessing and cursing break,—
Where the changing light of the rainbow rolls,
And the eye can look down on the land of souls.

The eye of the dying is gifted to see
The joyous homes of the brave and free ;
But the gaze of life may never behold
The homes of the happy by streams of gold,
And *I* to that glorious land shall hie,
When bade by the Master of life to die.

I shall haste to the glorious hunting grounds,
Where the Antelope leaps and the wild Elk bounds,
Where my tent is pitched in the meadow of green,
And the generous spirits are brightly seen,
The guest of Wacondah my soul shall be,
In the beautiful homes of the brave and free.

But he who has crushed the old man's heart,
When he climbs that peak shall backward start ;
He shall look upon bliss and then be hurled
Back to the rocks of a hateful world,
By his evil eye for ever banued
From the blessed homes of the happy land.

I LOVE TO ROAM WHEN ZEPHYRS SWEEP.

I LOVE to roam when zephyrs sweep
In summer softness o'er the deep,
And when the sea-birds seek the land
I love to pace the lonely strand,
Where Ocean far as eye can reach
Rolls its broad waters to the beach,
Reflecting, as its billows flow,
The saffron tints of Evening's glow.

I love to mark the parting day
In varying colours fleet away,
When the horizon seems to rest
Still nearer on the Ocean's breast,
While mist and mellowed light combine
To picture walls for Nature's shrine,
Ere darkness leaves the silent sea,
Clad in its own infinity.

I love from many a beetling cliff
To view afar the white-sailed skiff,
Which Fancy, as it stems the wave,
Deems but a dwelling for the brave :

Dancing too proudly on to bear
A freight of moody sorrow there,
As if its deck might never know
The sigh of fear or plaint of woe.

I love to roam where Memory strays
Unbidden back to other days,
And paints upon her tablet true
Departed scenes with vivid hue—
Scenes that have ceased to mock the eye,
Or waken in the breast a sigh,
Save such as recollection brings,
Fraught with a blessing on her wings.

This is a sigh that always wreathes
A zone of sweetness while it breathes,
Born of remembrance, lent to cast
More chastened beauty o'er the past,
Whose bright companion tear-drops stay
Only to catch the parting ray,
Like Evening's drops of summer dew
Bearing the lovely rainbow's hue.

Or such a sigh as softly tells
How feelingly the bosom swells,
A plaintive breathing, lent to show
A sympathy with other's woe,

As echo's softest wailings gush
In answer to the widower thrush,
Or well like notes from angel lyres
Responsive to Æolian wires.

And holy feelings such as these
Are wakened oft by Evening's breeze,
As with half melancholy tone
It whispers to the heart alone ;
Though often seathing thoughts intrude,
Even in solemn solitude,
Yet to the soul that turns to heaven
There—there are rich revealings given.

WHERE IS THE FLEETING THOUGHT?

WHERE is the fleeting thought?
O'er the waters glancing,
Where moonbeams are dancing,
Where pearls are sought
In the depths of the sea,
Or where wander free
Zephyrs with perfumes fraught,
There—there is she.

For a moment she bends
O'er the home of sadness,
Then leaping with gladness,
To laughter tends;
And joyous in her glee,
Unfettered and free,
On her light wing she wends
All merrily.

Thought we must fether thee!
Inconstant thy motion,
As spray on the Ocean,
Yet *art* thou free?
Or art thou not a slave,
Tossed by every wave,
Foam-like borne dreamily
On to the grave.

DECEPTIVE PLEASURES.

THOUGH death may lurk in every spray
That bears young Passion's flowers,
Madly we seek the downward way
To make those blossoms ours.

And pleasant for a time they seem
To youth's unpractised view,
And full of promise is the beam
Which paints their tempting hue.

But bitter produce do they bear,
And those who pluck the shoot,
Designing but its flowers to wear,
At last will eat the fruit.

Would you escape the deadly snares
Which pleasure spreads around,
Refuse the garland she prepares—
Shun her enchanted ground.

C A B U L.

WIIENCE comes that rider on the breathless steed,
 Urged to the utmost, faltering in his need?
 Backward he turns an almost frenzied glance,
 His gaunt hand trembles but retains the lance;
 Wild meaning flashes from his lustrous eye,
 The fitful blaze of wordless agony;
 And Terror's sweat-drops damp his bloodless brow,
 And dark his face, that messenger of woe.
 And why alone? What foemen in the rear
 Join in the chase, and mock his wild career?

He comes, the lonely bearer of a tale,
 To scare the weak, to turn the fearless pale;
 He, the sole relie of the band that hied
 From sheltering India, full of warrior's pride;
 Whose nodding crests, and glittering banners gay,
 Seemed almost tokens of a festal day.

Dauntless they went, and England's soldiers there
 Bore themselves nobly, as they ever bear.
 Though ghastly Death with desolating eye
 Frowned in the darkness of the wintry sky,
 Through drear ravines and desert heights they sped,
 While foes assailing, only gazed and fled;
 Or, vanquished, yielded to the King that came
 Strong in their arms his long lost throne to claim—

Lost by his tyranny, and seized by those
His own ingratitude had made his foes.

Yet exile had not taught the cruel Chief
To pardon crime, or sympathize with grief.
'Twas not enough his conquered serfs should yield,
Leaving to him the undisputed field ;
'Twas not enough amid the storm-wind's roar
To hear Guznee proclaimed his own once more ;
'Twas not enough that he, the exiled one,
Now trod the threshold of his former throne :
But war-won first-fruits of the reckless fray
Must taste the fierceness of a Coward's sway ;
And dastard murder fling a deadlier stain
O'er the red cruelty of that campaign.

Those mountain tribes, as rugged as their clime,
Seem to submit, but only bide their time.
'Mid sheltering crags, which yield secure retreat,
The angry leaders and their warriors meet :
They saw the banded army as it passed,
Their own low wail had echoed to the blast,
And though forebodings rise, yet no despair
Can touch the patriot hearts assembling there.

That army comes, professing but to bring
Back to the Affghan throne an exiled King—
Oh ! specious pretext ! Deeply do they know
The grasping spirit of their Christian foe ;

They view the fanes, the altars of their Sires,
Their infant prattlers round the household fires,
And silently the deep resolve is made
To teach betrayers *they* may be betrayed.

“What mean those offerings at a Moslem’s tomb,
By Christians offered, save to hide the doom
They fain would bring us?” And while thus there ran
Such dark suspicions on from man to man,
From many an eye one burning tear-drop gushed,
Full many a cheek a daring purpose flushed,
And mingled feelings crowded on the whole
Revenge—the ruling passion of the soul.
“Revenge! aye, full revenge! the fierce, the long,
The wild revenge, the feeble owe the strong!
The slaughtering ambush in the silent shade,
Thus be the perfidy they taught repaid!”

It was repaid. Cabul may boast a name
Dark in the annals of Britannia’s fame.

Their perils past, each danger undergone,
Their task accomplished, and the victory won.
Britannia’s sons securely for a while
There seemed to bask in Fortune’s sunnier smile;—
But such the sunshine as is often spread
In beauteous mockery over Etna’s head,
While happiness and love together rove
In shady vineyard or in trellised grove,

Unheeding of the fire that burns beneath,
Mighty, but hushed, the hiding-place of death.

Their sunshine leaves them—on their fruitless toils
No more Britannia's martial Genius smiles,—
They seek to flee, by even him betrayed
Who owed his throne, his being, to their aid ;—
Forced to retreat—nay, rather forced to fight
'Mid the confusion of a helpless flight.

Fierce Retribution comes. The Victors they
Who bled and yielded in the earlier fray :
Deceived before, to Christians now sincere
Listens the Affghan with distrustful ear—
“Had they not heard of stolen Scindia's wrong
Chanted at eve in many a native song ?
Had not the war-cry from the Ghilzies height
Rent the hushed silence of the quiet night ?
Boomed not the sound of echoing guns from far ?
Held not the foe the post of Candahar ?
Can they be trusted ? Will not these combine
Around Cabul the self-same chains to twine ?
Shall they then yield their country and their right
To those intruders now compelled to flight,
Or woo their bonds, and bend again the knee
To that besotted Chief of Douranee ?”

Far other dreams, more daring purpose theirs !
As tangled deeply in his self-laid snares

Their victim writhes and struggles to be free,
This their dire purpose, this their stern decree—
“ One only shall escape, that one shall tell
The vengeance we exact for those that fell.”

No more the stainless banners proudly float,
No warlike music wakes its stirring note ;
No longer discipline asserts her sway
Over the thousands of the vast array :
Confusion reigns ; the Demon of Despair
Laughs at the efforts of unhoping care :
Vainly the leader cheers his broken troop,
Their strength is wasted, and their spirits droop :
The icy fierceness of the mountain air
Claims as its victims those the sword might spare,—
And vainly red one scanty watch-fire glows
Over those regions of perpetual snows ;
All shelterless and starving, throng on throng,
Scarcely they drag their wearied limbs along,
While glittering o'er the beetling cliffs appear
The swords of foes relentless in the rear,
Who chase them, wolf-like, with untiring cry,—
Resistance serves not—'tis as vain to fly—
Yet every fugitive, to reach the van,
Unthinking presses on his fellow man,
And many a fainting form beneath their tread
Slumbers unheeded with the countless dead.

There is the Hindu from his genial clime,
And England's youth in manhood's earliest prime,

And there in clustering crowds the Sipahes
Bend to the coldness of the midnight breeze :
Nor are they sons of war alone that brave
Those mountain passes, and that mountain grave ;
But woman, trusting woman, dares to climb
Heights she had shuddered at in happier time,
And urges on her rude Yaboo to tread
His dangerous path o'er precipices dread.
And childhood's helpless and expiring cry
Preludes the anguish of its Mother's sigh.

From every peak the deadly juzail flashed,
Down each ravine Beloochee warriors dashed ;
Thousands on thousands unresisting fell,—
The wily Affghan kept his promise well,
And England's boldest ones astounded saw
The bitter fruitage of aggressive war.
No time to pause—no hour to snatch repose,
The slain are only sepulchred by snows ;
There, stiff with frost, some dead arm points on high,
There moonbeams glimmer on a frozen eye,
And naked forms, by passing comrades known,
Glare amid death like monuments of stone.

Soon these shall join them ! soon their bones be spread
To mark the murderous pathway that they tread !

Who may be saved? The foeman scorns to spare—
Unless some few—the honoured or the fair.

This tiny band with fearful bosoms sent,
Doubting, yet hoping, to the Chieftain's tent,
Received as hostages, allowed to share
The meagre comforts of its desert fare,
Found that a savage Chief would deign to show
That scarce expected mercy to his foe.

And they were spared. For many a cheerless day
From fort to fort their dreary journey lay,
Yet even in their wretchedness is given
A high and holy confidence in Heaven,
As the soft, feeling voice of woman's prayer
Breaks on the silence of the desert air.
That prayer was heard—a rescuing army came
To win them back, and vindicate its name.

Blame we our foes who stood in equal fight,
Unconquered guardians of each free-born right?
Or blame we him whose subtle courage planned
To chase the stranger from his native land,
Met courtier perfidy with equal fraud,
And warrior prowess with the patriot sword?

Nay! blame ourselves. Ambition's siren breath
Allured our armies onward to the death,
And though avenged and conquering at the last,
For this our thousands whiten in the blast,
And widows' sighs, and orphans' bitter tears
Must blight the trophy that Ambition rears.

Yield not, oh! England! to the lust of power,
Let Mercy smile in thy successful hour,
Teach to the myriad tribes that own thy fame
That thou art Christian, not alone in name,
Let Truth and Justice reign; nor ever draw
The sword of Albion in forbidden war;
But if aggression grasps some peaceful land
Go, wrest the weapon from the spoiler's hand!
Or if Ambition, coveting our own,
Strikes at our altars, and assails the throne,
When Justice bids thee, when the cause is right,
Then fly to arms, be valiant in the fight!
So shall the grateful tears that Patriots shed
Bedew the laurel that shall deck thy head,
And smiling Peace her choicest wreaths bestow
In clustering olive for Britannia's brow.

SPRING.

SPRING with her sunny sheen no more
Lingers still on the distant shore,
But comes with her flowers and leafy cheer
To waken the smiles of the youthful year,

Long she tarried, but now she flings
Clustering flowers from her sunny wings,
And youth comes back to the eye of age,
As it turns away from the learned page.

Hasten! and leave the well-worn book,
Seek her blossoms beside the brook,
And forsake the student's dim fireside,
To roam in the meadows in green spring-tide.

Nature's smile will tell you a tale
Scarcely known to the student pale :
Oh! there is something in flower or stream
More lofty and pure than mere book-worm's dream.

Worn with toil in the hours of night,
Why do you shun the noonday light?

Oh ! there is more in the tangled nook
Than the pedant wins from his musty book !

Hasten away with dawning day,
Or in the hour of evening grey ;
Go to the wild wood and breathe its calm,
For *abroad* is the wearied student's balm.

SONG.

SOMETIMES amid the festal throng
Soft whispers greet my ear,
A gush of half seraphic song
Which glads the heart to hear,
But never tones to equal thine,
Thou unforgotten one of mine.

Of *mine*?—alas! how memory dwells
On shadows long gone by,
And dreams of unexhausted wells
That long ago were dry!
Mine! mine! ah, no! it might not be,
Thou meteor of my destiny.

PITY.

If grief hath glazed the tearless eye,
And he who mourns would mourn apart,
Not the vain words of pity try—
They *seem* to soothe, but *burn* the heart.

But when the starting tear of woe
Tells that the fountain is not dry,
The scathed and riven heart may know
A solace from your sympathy.

THE WANDERER.

“ SAY, Stranger, why those tear-drops flow,
And whence that scarcely stifled sigh ?
Is it some thought of long ago
That heaves thy bosom pensively ?”

“ Lady,” the wanderer replies,
“ If thou like me wast doomed to roam,
Could'st thou suppress the longing sighs
That whisper of a distant home ?

“ Then blame me not, though Memory strays
To other scenes and other times,
Reverting to those happier days
That once were mine in sunnier climes :

“ Climes where in boyhood's spring we roved,
Untasted yet the cup of woe,—
Oh ! that was joy—we had not proved
Aught that 'tis better not to know.

“ I sigh for childhood's palm-tree shade,
For climes where soft Acacias grow,

Lands where my brothers often played
Beneath the green Banana's bough.

“ Oh dreams like these will make one feel—
Then, gentle Lady, will you say
'Tis weak for gushing tears to steal
In memory of the far away ?

“ I cannot, riven from my home,
The smile of seeming pleasure wear ;
Nor can I, as I onward roam,
Suppress the sigh that tells of care.

“ Must not the heart beat pensively,
That scarce a pitying voice may hear,
Save that which wounds by asking why
The stranger sheds the bitter tear ?”

“ Stranger ! I would not give thee pain ;
I would not lightly ask to hear
Thy tale of sorrow o'er again,
If that would wake a bitterer tear.

“ But I remember to have heard,
Beneath the branches of the palm,
The voices of the tropic bird
Amid the hush of Evening's calm.

“ And tones like thine have met my ear,
Where the Banana’s shadow plays ;
And still ’tis sweet such tones to hear
Like echoes of those vanished days.

“ And when the stranger seeks my door
I long to hush his sigh of care,
To cheer the guest from thy bright shore,
For I was once a stranger there.”

THERE ARE FEELINGS WE MAY NOT REVEAL.

THERE are feelings we may not reveal,
That deep in the bosom must dwell,
Emotions that over us steal,
Which the soul must confess, but the tongue may not
tell.

There are feelings that breathe of regret,
And call from the bosom a sigh,
The cheek with the tear-drop is wet,
Whilst the spirit is sad, though we cannot tell why.

There are feelings that whisper of joy,
And round us a halo they fling,
Unsaddened by any alloy—
We have pleasure we scarcely may trace to its spring.

They are feelings too tender for earth ;
They speak to the spirit within,
And awaken a sense of the worth
That the soul would possess if unsullied by sin.

OH! THERE IS A REGION WHERE SADNESS
AND GLOOM.

OH! there is a region where sadness and gloom
Never venture to darken the breast of the rose,
Where myrtles entwine, and where amaranths bloom,
And nectar from fountains of loveliness flows ;
There spring always rests on the evergreen tree,
There the dew of the morning its freshness bestows,
There bright is the sun over mountain and lea,
And clouds never shadow the day at its close.

Sweet music may breathe to the listening air,
And soft may be echoed the summer wind's sigh,
But moan of the tempest may never be there,
Nor ever the gale of the winter be nigh ;
A happier land than the wanderer knows,
Where tears shall be wiped from the sorrowing eye,
Where the weary shall rest in delightful repose,
And sip of the streams that shall never be dry.

We dream and we sing of a land such as this,
We have heard of a climate so lovely and fair ;
We may tell, but we cannot impart of its bliss,
For the flower of its joy only flourishes there.

A gleam of its sunlight oft rests on our bowers,
And gems with the sheen of its colouring rare,
But such a reflection alone can be ours,
We wait for the future its blessings to share.

DAPHNE.

FROM GESNER'S IDYLS.

No hero's deeds on field of fight,
No stories of the battle plain,
No tales of treachery or might
Shall taint Affection's heart-breathed strain.

With timid step she quits the scene
Of tumult, with its tempest roar,
To greet with shepherd pipe the sheen
Of waters trembling to the shore.

Charmed by the whisper of the stream,
She wends along the path of flowers,
Or rests to woo a pleasant dream,
Where verdant foliage weaves her bowers.

There shall she trill her sweetest song—
For Daphne are the notes combined—
Spring, as she leads the hours along,
Is less serene than Daphne's mind.

Flashed from her sparkling eye the glance
Of chastened pleasure flings its ray ;
While frolic smiles for ever dance
On dimpled cheeks, and lips as gay.

Aye, lovely Daphne ! since the hour
I knew thou wouldst not scorn my lays :
Gladness has gemmed my lowly bower.
With promised bliss for future days.

HORACE, BOOK 1., ODE 5, AD PYRRHAM.

PYRRHA, in thy pleasant bower,
Where the clustering roses flower,
Say, what youth with rich perfumes
Seeks thy grot amid the blooms.

Say, for whom, with simple air,
Bind you thus your golden hair,—
Oh! how often shall the tear
Fall for changing fortune here?

He who too confiding lies
In the sunshine of thine eyes,
Soon must wail, when o'er the wave
Dark the angry stormwinds rave.

Hapless if he dreams thou'lt be
Still so lovely, still as free,—
Inexperience deems thee fair,
Yet deceptive gales are there.

I my dripping vestments place
Where the votive tablets grace
Neptune's fane,—as glad to be
From Pyrrha as from shipwreck free.

HORACE, BOOK II., ODE 20.

NEITHER on hackneyed nor on feeble wing,
 Doubly a bard, will I be borne
 Through liquid air:—nor will I longer stay
 On earth. Greater than Envy's scorn,
 From cities I will speed away.

—My dear Mæcenæus I who sing.

I, I, of pauper parents sprung they say,
 I shall not die; no Stygian dew
 Shall hinder me. Now, now my feet around
 Rough scales arise; with plumage new,
 Bird-like above my arms are crowned,
 And feathers on my fingers stay.

Safer than Icarus, a songbird I.

The shores of murmuring Bosphorus
 Will view, and shifting sands of Gætula,
 And Northern plains. Gelonians thus
 Distant shall know me; he of Dacia,
 Hiding his fear of Marsians nigh,
 And Colchian too:—me too, the skilled of Spain,
 And he who drinks from Rhone shall learn.—
 Be dirges absent then, and shameful woe
 And wailings round my empty urn;—
 Suppress loud mourning, and forego
 Every sepulchral honour vain!

SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN'S HYMN.

WHEN early morning gilds the sky,
To Thee, O God! our prayers we raise;
When slumber leaves the opening eye
We breathe the whisper of Thy praise.

When evening comes, with dewy close,
Our thoughts and hopes to Heaven arise,
And calmly sinking to repose,
On Thee the trusting heart relies.

Father! we yield our thanks to Thee,
That thou hast brought us to Thy throne;
To bend the glad and willing knee
Obedient to our God alone.

We bless Thee for our Teachers, given
To point us to the living way,
To lead us up from earth to Heaven,
From sin and ignorance away.

Oh! may we learn to prize them more,
As holy messengers of thine,
Fill upon Canaan's peaceful shore
We meet where endless Sabbaths shine.

GOD EVERYWHERE.

WHERE the solitude is deep
Deity is there unseen ;
Where the scented zephyrs sweep
O'er the prarie's richest green ;—
Or where ancient pile is strewn,
Ruined, yet majestic still ;
Or a dwelling scarcely known
Crowns the top of distant hill,

Where the choral strains that swell
Richly through Cathedral aisles,
Move the soul with sainted spell,
There the God of Mercy smiles.
Where, amid assembled saints,
One unnoticed sheds a tear,
Mortal may not list his plaints,
Yet the Godhead waits to hear.

Where distress is rudely known,
'Mid the Captive's gloomy cell,
God his hidden one will own,
Will not there refuse to dwell.
Time and place are nought to Him.—
—Where the *spirit* breathes the prayer,
Though in clouds when faith is dim,
Yet be sure that God is there.

THE HOME PRAYER.

GOD of those sainted sires whose care
Awoke our infant hearts to prayer,
And pointed us in wayward youth
To paths of peace —the paths of truth !

Assist us, oh, our fathers' God,
To tread the paths our fathers trod,
So that, whate'er our lot may be,
Our grateful heart may turn to Thee !

If wealth her gemmed and golden snares,
To strew our onward path prepares,—
Uphold our weak and erring feet,
And lead us to the mercy-seat.

If sorrow's dark and starless night
Bear for futurity its blight,
And bitter sighs and burning tears
Must be the lot of coming years,

Though withering grief and scathing care
Obstruct the avenues to prayer,
Still may we raise the trusting eye,
Secure of happiness on high.

What, though our fearful lot be cast
Where wildest moans the forest blast,
And where the sombre night bird broods
Amid unbroken solitudes,

Or where proud Commerce throngs her den
With world-worn, yet untiring men,
May we remember still to pray,
Though earth presents such thorny way.

Thanks for our humble board, though spread
With nothing more than daily bread,
Oh, crush the thoughts of human pride,
If that we wish should be denied.

We are thine own, and would resign
Our will confidingly to thine,
And, oh! assist our prayers to rise
As an unceasing sacrifice.

MAMMON.

WE dream, perchance, in early youth
Of minds that only bow to mind,
Of hearts that only throb to truth—
Of all that *man* may never find.

The heart will bow at Mammon's shrine,
And smiling woo its own despair,
And minds that burn, and souls that shine,
Will stoop to pay their homage there.

What wonder that the common horde,
Of heartless and of mindless clay,
Should think that wealth must be adored
When minds the mightiest own its sway?

Oh, spurn we then the golden bribe,
Let holier hope our bosom fill,
And to the God of heaven ascribe
The high subjection of our will.

ANGELS.

PRAY ! for the souls of the dead are around us,
And whisper a warning, though we will not hear ;
Viewless existences ever surround us,
Raising our joy, or awaking our fear.

Souls disembodied, an infinite number,
Tending, as angels, the path of their God,—
Wait for the flesh to arouse from her slumber,
Wait for the Church, still enchained to the clod.

Aye ! the freed spirits may watch our devotions,
List to our breathings, and join in our prayers,
Marking with gladness those holy emotions
Cheering us on amid heart-chilling cares.

Oh ! if those souls that may over us hover,
As in the body could sorrow anew,
Must it not grieve them when here they discover
Murmurs so frequent, and praises so few ?

THE SABBATH BELL.

'Tis sweet to listen and catch the swell
Of the rich, deep notes of the Sabbath Bell;
There is something soft in the holy chime,
Like a whispered tone from a better clime,—
Like an echo of peace from the breath of prayer,
When it softly ends the sigh of care.

'Tis sweet to listen and catch the swell,
For the spirit will own its soothing spell,
As it bids the weary and worn repair
To the holy aisle for a solace there ;
For the purest of pleasure the blessing given
When the secret heart communes with Heaven.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

GOD of our Spirits ! we worship before Thee,
Anthems of joy and thanksgiving we raise ;
Oh ! do Thou help us, while thus we adore Thee !
Perfect from infants the song of Thy praise !

Thee we adore, for the wonderful story
Told of Thy power, in the word of Thy love ;
Father ! while here we would give Thee the glory,
Trusting to worship Thee better above.

FREEDOM.

THERE is a freedom won for those
Who on a Saviour's love repose,
Forgiven now, though once his foes,
 A freedom from the power of sin,—
The soul its own redemption knows,
 And feels the evidence within.

What, though around the heart remain
Some traces of the former stain,
Branded by Error's broken chain—
 Are not the bands of slavery riven?
And who may join those links again,
 Or stay the ransomed soul from heaven?

By Him who died, but died to save,
By Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
By Him whose death her ransom gave,
 The Spirit leaves her home of clay,
And, freed from earth in Death's dark wave,
 Puts the corruptible away.

REGRETS.

“WHEN thou fleest from the world,
Spurn its transient pleasures vain;
Wouldst thou not be downward hurled,
Look, oh! look not back again!

“Flee!—nor ever turn thine eye,
Lustful for its vanished joys;
Think that even in a sigh
Breathes a poison that destroys.

“Flee! the sulphurous tempests sweep
O'er the home of childhood's years,
Faith forbids the eye to weep—
'Tis but sin that wakens tears!”

Harsh one! *no!* the tear may fall
When we leave some much loved spot;
Still, obeying duty's call,
He we serve condemns us not.

Though the pang of riven ties
Wounds the trembling bosom here;
Trusting faith may live with sighs—
Calm submission with a tear.

Bid us not unweeping be,
Laying every feeling by ;
He who wept at Bethany
Will not blame the glistening eye.

If *His* human nature wept,
Will His sentence be severe?
Feeling still its empire kept—
Will not *He* forgive the tear ?

THE BEREAVED.

BESIDE the dying bed she wept
 Bereavement's bitter tear,
As there the anxious watch she kept
 O'er one, the loved, and dear ;
And in her breast the stifled sigh
Gave answer to the glistening eye.

She stood beside the open grave,
 And thoughts of gathering gloom
To that young brow a shadow gave,
 In keeping with the tomb,—
As though the cruel stroke forbad
Her bosom ever to be glad.

She turned to his deserted room,
 Whose empty echoing tone
Seemed to proclaim her living doom,
 And made her feel alone ;
While silent grief and wordless woe,
Quenched the bright eyeball's earlier glow.

She came again amid the crowd,
 And tried to learn its smile,
Yet such a smile as scarce can shroud
 The thoughts that burn the while,—

Around her lips a smile may play,
Yet is its feeling passed away.

Nor till upon the couch of death
The stricken flower was laid,
And short and panting grew the breath,
Was ever smile displayed
On that fair lip which did not throw
More shadow o'er the darkening brow.

Oh, when the ties of love are riven,
How welcome is the grave !
And how we seek escape to Heaven,
From life's embittered wave !—
Smiles but in death can chase away
The gloom which broken hearts betray.

PSALM CXXVII.

UNLESS the Lord impart success,
In vain the builders ply ;
And vain, without His presence blest,
The watchman's wakeful eye.
Aye ! early rise, and late take rest
Through long and weary years,
And eat the bread of carefulness,
And drink the cup of tears.

Yet know that God, the only giver,
With bounteous hand bestows
Upon his own beloved ones,
The blessings of repose.
And the rich heritage of sons,
We to His mercy owe,—
Like arrows in a Giant's quiver,—
To baffle every foe.

PSALM CXXXVII.

BY the river of Babylon weeping we sate,
While Zion was trodden by those that we hate ;
Our harps were forsaken, no music they gave,
As they hung on the willows that shadowed the wave.

And those who had carried us captive away,
Demanded the songs of our happier day ;
But silent and sad are the minstrel and lute,
In the land of the stranger our music is mute.

Should I cease to remember, oh ! Salem, thy shrine,
Let the hand of my prowess its cunning resign ;
Be my tongue ever silent, oh ! land of my birth,
If I cherish thee not before richest of mirth !

Remember, oh ! God of our Fathers, the day
When Jerusalem fell to the spoiler a prey ;
And the children of Edom were shouting around,
Hurl temple, and palace, and throne to the ground.

Thou ! grief-wasted daughter of Belus ! shalt know,
When foemen shall triumph, like anguish of woe,
And greetings shall welcome the hand that has slain
The babe that the mother besought for in vain.

PSALM XCVII.

YEA, the Lord reigneth !
Let nations rejoice,
Let the Isles He sustaineth
Exalt their glad voice.

Lo! where He dwelleth,
'Mid darkness alone,
And the truth that excelleth
Encircles His throne.

Blaze of the leven
Gleams redly around,
And before Him are driven
His foes at the sound.

Those who were spurning
Jehovah before,
At the touch of His burning
With trembling adore.

Mountains ice-belted,
His presence of flame
All like wax has quick melted
To seal with His name.

Signs of His glory
The heavens declare,
Of His justice the story
Is legible there.

Wild the confusion
The Gentiles shall know,
Who their graven delusion
Of Idols avow.

Daughters of Zion !
Be glad when ye hear,
For the God ye rely on
In judgment is near.

Thou, Lord, preservest
The souls of Thy saints,
Thou, the God who observest
Their tears and complaints.

Light of thy gladness
'Mid darkness is sown,
In the hour of their sadness
Thy presence is known.

Wake your rejoicing,
Ye saints of the Lord !
Sound out with glad voicing
Your trust in His word !

OH! THIS IS NOT OUR REST.

Oh! *this* is not our rest!

We feel it when the weary world is still;

We mourn like fledglings for the natal nest,
Lone wanderers, lost amid strange scenes of ill.

It is not rest to sleep!

The busy soul is ceaseless in its toil;

The eye is closed, it may no longer weep,
And yet the heart is scarcely calm the while.

Wild dreams come o'er us then,

We act in thought the bitter scenes of life,—

Oh, childhood's slumber! what would world-worn
men

Give for thy freedom from that spirit's strife?

Vain! vain the longing now—

We breathe no more at eve the child-like prayer;

For sin has graved her wrinkles in the brow,
And dreams of smiles give place to dreams of care.

Oh, *this* is not our rest!—

There might be calm if Sin would ne'er intrude;

Yet even those but tarry to be blest,
In whom the power of sin is most subdued.

And though we would be free—
Sin binds us still—yet list to God's behest,
Walk on through trial here, then upward flee
Above the things of time, and be at rest.

This—this is not our rest,—
There *is* a rest whose day-time knows no waning ;
Where Jesus folds his children to his breast, —
And, blessed hope ! there *is* such rest remaining.

TO A MOURNER.

OH! do not weep!—Yet why should I
Attempt that sacred fount to close,
Which *God* permits not to be dry,
And whence a stream of blessing flows?

For tears *are* blessed things—although
We love them not when born of pain—
Since mercy beams o'er present woe,
As sunbeams rest on falling rain.

The *Sun* is there—the drops that fall
Are ready to receive the ray,
And rainbows would appear to all,
Were but the mists of earth away.

I say no longer “do not weep,”
'Twere tempting you to disobey,
But strive afar those doubts to sweep
That intercept the heavenly ray.

Weep on!—your tears will soon be dry—
Sooner than you perchance suppose,
His smile who wipes the tearful eye
Already on the dew-drop glows.

Perchance thou mayest not view the light
That paints the bow on tears of thine,
But walk by faith, and not by sight,
And God for thee shall rise and shine !

SONNET 1.

OH, there are many pleasant things on earth,
 For though the thorn and thistle frequent grow,
 To mind us of our lot of toil below,
 Yet gems of beauty claim a kindred birth
 Where wild flowers blossom—and amid the dearth
 Of things which gladden with their coloured show,
 The glow-worm's love-lit lamp in valleys low
 Shines like the blaze of unpretending worth,
 Making its own soft lustre, and whose light
 Whitens the gloom around. Oh! who can see,
 Things such as these amid Time's murky night,
 And not look on to glad eternity,
 Clothed in its heavenly raiment dazzling bright,
 And rainbow tints upon immensity,
 Painted, to greet the raptured Spirit's sight!

SONNET 11.

I CATCH again the well remembered sound
 Of whispering water dashing down the steep,
 'Tis but a tiny rill which one might leap,
 And yet 'tis linked with thoughts that know no bound.

In the far past the spot was hallowed ground,
 When dreams of future life, like those which sleep
 Pours out for later years, would gather round—
 Aye, there were voices in the winds that sweep
 Now, as of yore, above the ancient mound
 That tombs the bones of heroes, and I heard
 An angel's pinion, as the fluttering bird
 Rose from its mossy nest.—Oh! vanished past,
 Why was the spirit thus so vainly stirred,
 Why were such visions wakened—visions not to last?

SONNET III.

DREAMS! I am dreaming now—the gurgling rill
 Has not been silent, yet I heard it not
 While I was musing fondly of the past.
 There was no other sound, for all was still ;
 No murmur reached me from yon moonlit cot—
 No voice resounded from the echoing grot—
 What wrapt my senses thus?—what vision cast
 Its spell around me? Does the soul partake
 In things without us, or do we, within,
 Live in a spirit-world, which scorns to make
 Allegiance with the outward? 'Mid the din
 Of this world's being if we strive to wake,
 We find how oft we dream, and that the word
 Which heaven speaks out by things of earth—falls on
 our ear unheard.

STANZA.

TIS sweet to think that some fair breast may treasure,
Safely enshrined, some wayward gush of song,
That one kind eye may turn a look of pleasure
On flowers of Poesy neglected long.
And that when we are lost amid the throng
Of heedless beings, worn by worldly toil,
Sweet Memory, as she skims the page along,
May wake on Beauty's lip the grateful smile,
And bid the bosom throb with kindly thoughts the while.

RECOLLECTION.

As on the storm-cloud shrouding Evening's sky,
The parting sun a lovely Iris flings,
Laughing 'mid showers that rudely hover nigh,
So when warm passion opens Feeling's springs,
And starts the tear-drop from the half-sad eye ;
How oft some joyous recollection brings
Remembrances that make a glad " Good-bye !"
Forming of tears bright gems, and music of each sigh.

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

OH, Saviour ! ere thy life on earth
In human form began,
A Messenger announced thy birth,
And told the news to man.

“ Prepare, for Christ, prepare the way,”
They heard his voice proclaim,
Sinners confessed thy sovereign swāy,
And bowed before thy name.

Thus may thy faithful Stewards, Lord !
Thy glorious path prepare,
Teaching the scorner of thy word
To breathe the fervent prayer :

So that when thou again shalt come
To judge the world in might,
Throngs may await their heavenly home,
Accepted in thy sight.

THE EPIPHANY ;

OR, THE MANIFESTATION OF CHRIST TO THE GENTILES.

THE Star of Israel sends its ray
Amid those Gentile lands
Where, to the glorious orb of day,
The Persian spreads his hands :
They see the token from afar,
And follow that benignant star.

It leads them from created light
To where an infant lays,
Where on their newly-wakened sight
Bursts a celestial blaze—
They kneel, they offer, and adore
A God they had not known before.

So when by faith to us is given
To see the Star of God,
Oh, may we follow on to heaven
The paths our fathers trod,
Not pausing on our arduous race
Till we behold the Saviour's face.

THE PRESENT.

EARTH'S brightest scenes are girt with gloomy shade ;
 Doubt treads upon the path of hope, and steals
 Its bliss away. The fairest visions fade,
 The joyous prospect, if approached, reveals
 Some hidden gulphs, which distance but conceals.
 Vain expectation's bubble disappears,
 The eye may gleam with smiles—yet who but feels
 Pangs unconfessed, whose true response is tears,
 For, though the lip be gay, the heart is rent with fears.

Oh ! smiles but prelude tears ! The joyous eye
 Is still the oftenest wet with Sorrow's dew ;
 And glad young bosoms early learn to sigh ;
 And scenes which shone with light, when life was new,
 Wearing in childhood's morn a heavenly hue,
 Droop into shadow as our moments fly :
 Oh ! what remains of beautiful and true ?
 What lasting good is found beneath the sky ?
 Vain is man's portion here, his hopes must soar on high.

Though Reason owns the truth, we strive to hide
 The deep reality, by flinging round
 The pictured vanities of Fancy's pride,
 Like meteors dancing 'mid the glooms profound
 That darkling hover o'er the charnel ground,
 Till custom teaches us without a sigh
 To mark the struggle at the utmost bound
 Of human being, and to close the eye
 Of parted friends, as though *wæ* never were to die.

A SUMMER NOON-DAY SKETCH.

THE Summer sun looks hotly down on Earth,
The tiny streamlet waxes tinier still,
And its small voice grows smaller, as if this
Partook the weary lassitude of living things,
Which creep in silence to the nearest shade,
And wait the cooler evening to resume
The voices of their love.

But where the forge
Sullies the banks of yonder stream, the sound
Waxes no fainter. 'Mid the wreathing smoke
The clang of ponderous hammers labour on—
No Summer sun may dry the treasured store
Of water artificially dammed up,
Nor can the weary heat of noon suspend
The busy industry of urged-on man,
Who fain would soothe him in the quiet shade,
But Mammon keeps him to half ceaseless labour,
And only pays him for his stern fatigue
By granting sounder sleep to him who toils
Than unto him who from the thews of others
Wins for himself the wealth that gives repose,
Until repose itself is wearisome.
Poor men! I pity both—both those who toil
In sweltering heat beneath the noontide blaze,
And those whose busy brain, in search of wealth,
Forbids the sweet enjoyment of repose,
Which riches else might purchase.

THE CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST.

No sacred law was broken—
The Priest received the child,
The solemn words were spoken,
And *He*, the undefiled,
Bore in his flesh the blood-stained token
Of man the reconciled.

Though no such rite were needed
By *Him*, the Son of God,
Haply he interceded
Thus with his infant blood,
And infant plainings richly pleaded,
As a first offered bud.

He suffered for our erring—
His human blood was spilt—
Though in his soul was stirring
No shadow of our guilt ;
As man he shrunk not from incurring
Far more than man has felt.

Oh, may our hearts be willing
To *His* behests to bow,
No more those lusts fulfilling,
Renounced by early vow,
With mingled love and sorrow thrilling,
May they receive Him now.

THE LONELY DEATH-BED.

A STRANGER, and alone! No fond one sighs,
And no one sheds a tear when he is sad,
Or, if the Sun of happier hours should rise,
No heart were lighter should his own be glad.
Parted from all those lovelier sympathies,
With which the Earth, in happiuess, is clad,
Forsaken of his kind—no heart will share
The pang of grief, the agony of care.

But still, at intervals, a tear-drop stole,
And trembled in the eye to quench its smile—
Yet told how peacefully the secret soul
Dwelt on its inward blessedness the while,
That aid from heaven, empowered to lift the whole
Above the influence of earthly guile,
Gave a rich foretaste for the joy that waits,
The favoured denizen of Eden's gates.

Such calm may banish half the thoughts of earth,
May raise the spirit to its native height,
Asserting for the soul celestial birth,
Exulting in its power—its conscious might,—
Accounting human lore of trivial worth,
And longing for revealings of the light,
Which speaks the advent of eternal day,
And guides the Pilgrim on his heavenward way.

I do not ask if guiltiness be thine,
 Poor, suffering one! 'Tis something if I know
 That sickness covers thy frame—that thou must pine
 Lone and untended—and that on thy brow
 Is marked how patiently thou dost resign
 Thy spirit, to receive the coming blow.
 Still may the calm of holier feeling shed
 Its soothing influence round thy lonely head.

He kneels, I mark the act, he kneels, he prays,
 And Mercy hastes to catch the fervent prayer;
 No longer does he scan with fevered gaze
 The things of earth—they are beneath his care—
 He sees the light of unclouded days,
 His treasure is in heaven, his heart is there,
 His spirit starting at the rapturous sight,
 Cleaves the rent frame and takes its upward flight.

And thou art gone—thine anguish claims no more—
 The boon of pity, or compassion's aid,
 For thou shalt dwell where sorrowing is o'er,
 Where joys shall bloom, and pleasures never fade—
 Where the true riches linger for the poor,
 And for the homeless mansions that are made
 Without the help of hands, whose gates enfold
 Eternal bliss, and happiness untold.

Oh, happy is thy lot, although thy way
 Was circled round with many a piercing thorn,
 Though darkling was thy path, Eternal day
 Shines on thy being now, and though forlorn,

And fraught with bitterness thy earthly stay,
Yet is it thine with Seraphs that adorn
The courts of heaven, in company to bow,
And claim archangels as thy brethren now.

Nor only these—the ransomed of our God,
The martyr armies in their dazzling white,
The saints who washed their robes in Jēsu's blood,
And HE whose presence makes the temple bright—
He who the wine-press of the earth has trod,
Upon whose head innumerable crowns of light
Have taken place of thorns, who fills the throne,
Are *now* thy friends, though *here* thou wast alone.

THE DYING CHILD TO ITS MOTHER.

MOTHER, I know I should not cry
To part from this glad scene,
And yet 'tis very hard to die,
While every thing is green.

I do not like to leave the Spring,
With all its pleasant hours,
While busy bees are on the wing,
Amid the scented flowers.

Or if the Summer time were here,
And fruit on every tree,
I could not help the starting tear,
That 'twas not part for me.

And when the teeming harvest yields
Its glorious crops of grain,
I should not like to quit the fields,
And not to come again.

But when the later Autumn sweeps
The withered leaves around,
And every thing of beauty sleeps —
Then lay me in the ground.

Or when old Winter's dusky form
Is crisped with frozen sleet,
'T would be a refuge from the storm
To wear the winding-sheet.

Oh, Mother, I had rather die
When Nature's self is sad—
Nay, Mother, tell me not to cry,
I cannot *now* be glad.

But if the wild wind's plaintive sigh
Moaned Nature's own distress,
My Mother, I could say good-bye,
And shed some tears the less.

THE REPLY.

OH, Child, thou dreamest ! and those words of thine
Will pierce thy Mother's heart ;
Could she so sweet a babe resign
And not a tear-drop start ?

She does not weep, but one soft, stifled sigh
Tells of her inward grief,
Too deep for tears—the moistened eye
Might promise some relief.

Thy words, my Child, are full of spirit thought,
They breathe not of the earth,
Surely from some sweet Seraph caught,
They are of heavenly birth !

And does not one celestial ray beam down
On her who hears their tone ?
The smile of heaven will chase its frown
From hearts that mourn alone.

High feelings stir within her, she can give
Her child in faith to God who gave,
She knows that it again shall live
Triumphant o'er the grave.

Yea ! they shall meet again, where every eye
 Shall be from tears for ever free,
And where the gloom of Winter's sky
 Shall never, never be.

There shall be no more parting, no more sighs,
 The dwellers there shall dwell for ever,
In those bright mansions of the skies
 Sorrow approacheth *never*.

THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD,

OR THE BIRTH-DAY OF CHRIST, COMMONLY CALLED
CHRISTMAS-DAY.

FATHER ! since thou didst give
Thine own begotten Son,
In human clay to live,
And put our nature on,—
To lay his glory by, and come
The offspring of the Virgin's womb :

Oh, grant a second birth,
Adopting, saving grace,
To make the sons of Earth
A spiritual race,
That they, as children of Thy love,
May reign with Christ and God above !

THE UNPITIED.

Has injured Mercy left our destined land,—
Has Pity, weeping as she winged her way,
Spread her bright pinions for a happier strand?
Has grasping Avarice obscured the day,
And spread the darkness thicker where we stand?
Or is it Cruelty withholds the ray,
Which meek Benevolence essays to throw
In floods of sunshine o'er the homes of woe?—

Or is it Chance, as Sceptics madly deem,
That leaves the wretched one to pine alone,
That steals from life's dark path each quickening gleam,
Checks the soft whisper and the kindled tone,
Which Friendship utters, like a pleasing dream,
Whose music saddens to a dying moan,
And death-yells oft repeated wildly roll,
As though in mockery of the vanquished soul?—

Or is it Crime which brings in vengeance down
On the devoted head the curse of heaven?
Is it the quailing at Jehovah's frown,
Fearful as lightning that has newly riven
His throne of cloud? An undesired renown,
Such as of yore to murdering Cain was given,

Marked on the brow in characters of shame,
Singling the victim of the missioned flame.

Perchance 'tis none of these—we cannot look
With eye undazzled on the humblest page
Which Providence inscribes—and few can brook
To think that every step from youth to age
Is graven deeply in the Eternal book,
Whose records even angels cannot gauge,
Nor shall a puny mortal vainly dare
Assert the purpose of the judgments there.

No, *humbly* let us read, and strive to learn
The heavenly lessons every day unseals,—
Why should we ask for more, the while we spurn
The plainest truths Omnipotence reveals?
Is it not impious to strive to turn
Backward the cover with its seven seals,
To scan with *pride* the archives of the sky,
Or question the designs of Deity?

Has He not written in His holy word
Truths that will guide the soul to heavenly rest?
Lives not the pattern of our glorious Lord,
With rich compassion glowing in his breast?
Have we not often read, or known, or heard,
How he performed the Father's high behest—
How as a sacrificial Lamb he died,
And Mercy poured in fountains from His side.

Has He not bidden us, while lingering here,
To feed the hungry, to relieve the poor,
To hush the orphan's sigh, to wipe the tear,
To solace those whose course is well nigh o'er,
To whisper to the widow at the bier,
Of lands where those that love shall part no more :
Though *crime* be written on some guilty brow,
Still is it ours to mitigate his woe.

ODE TO ALBION.

Hail! Albion, hail! thou child of the sea,
Surrounded by Ocean, the joyous, the free,
The Island of Beauty, the home of the brave,
The scourge of oppression, the friend of the slave;
Pure are thy breezes, as soft Summer's smile,
Hail thee! my native home—Liberty's Isle!

Hail! Albion, hail! when storms shall blow wild,
And sing their hoarse song to the Nereid child;
It shall be but a lullaby, Britain, to thee,
It shall whisper repose to the land of the free;
Firm are thy bulwarks, and strong is thy form,
Proof to the tempest, unmoved by the storm.

Hail! Albion, hail! when foemen shall come,
And bid thee to battle "by trumpet and drum,"
Still as brave are thy hosts, and thy warriors as bold,
As are told of in story of regions of old,—
Aye, they shall conquer, and minstrelsy wild
Shall hail thee, oh, Albion! Victory's child.

Hail! Albion, hail! when peace is thy lot,
How dear are thy vales, and one's own lonely grot,
Where Earth's fond affection, made holy, may twine
Sacred garlands of love for each bosom of thine:

Then the bright herald of Peace from above
Shall hail thee more honoured, the birth-place of Love.

Hail! Albion, hail! the Day Star is thine,
Thou hast sprung where the beams of its healing may
shine,
And the light of the Truth is the crown that shall glow
With the purest of lustre to circle thy brow;
Thine be the glory, yea, thine to proclaim
To nations afar our Emmanuel's name.

HOW SADLY LONE AFAR TO DWELL.

“How sadly lone afar to dwell
 Away beyond the sea,
Where all is strange—in mount or dell,
 In fruit, and flower, and tree ;
Ah! me, I would not wander there—
’Twould almost force me to despair.”

Nay! nay! such lot, though somewhat lone,
 Need surely not be sad,—
There, too, might breathe Affection’s tone,
 And *there* we might be glad ;
The self-same feelings may be there
That soothe at home the voice of care.

What though, perchance, another land
 Presents another view,
Where goodly trees that round us stand
 Wear an unwonted hue,—
And strange to us the trailing flowers
That cluster round our foreign bowers,—

What though the plaintive winds that sigh
 Speak not of homes afar,
We lift our trusting glance on high,
 We view the self same star

That on our birth-place flung its glow
Only a little while ago.

And far beyond those glittering gems,
That stud the vault of night,
We look for glorious diadems
Of heaven's unfading light,
Which God, the righteous judge, prepares,
In answer to a Saviour's prayers.

The self-same God, the self-same faith,
The self-same hope are ours,—
We credit what our Maker saith,
Just as in England's bowers ;
Then why should sadness bow the heart
Of forest-dwellers far apart ?

The rolling waters have not riven
The tender ties of earth,
But closer linked with hopes of heaven
They gain a richer worth ;
And in the wilderness despair
Flees, as we bind those ties with prayer.

THE SPELL.

I HEAR the soft chords of a lyre from afar,
That scarce stay to whisper the tones they have made,
Like the glimmering light of a beautiful star,
That lends but a gleam to the depth of the shade.

I hear the soft chords, but the Harper is still,
Nor warbles the minstrel a song to his lyre—
My soul is awaking—the musical thrill
Has lent to my bosom a spark of its fire.

My soul is awaking! I see from afar,
The brightest and best of the daughters above,
The river of light from the beautiful star,
That wakens the notes of the music of love.

My soul is awaking! a spark of its fire
Has perished the flax that en fettered my will,
My soul is awaking—my voice and my lyre,
In numbers of wildness shall answer the thrill.

SUSPICION.

AND dost thou then suspect me now ?
And would'st thou have me stand aloof ?
Suspicion leads to broken vow,
And thus affords suspicion proof !

But proof of *what* ?—That she can fling
The poison of her own dark shade
Over an angel's purest wing,
Then blame the blot herself has made.

Oh, cursèd the suspicious breast !
In *others* its own image glares,
And thus some pure transparent mind
Reflects the vice it never shares.

Suspect ! if you would have a crime
Committed by the crimeless now—
Thus shall you stamp, at earliest time,
Resolve to sin on stainless brow.

THE PRAYER OF THE INFIDEL.

TELL me, oh, Lethe! where thy waters glide—
Is it o'er sandy plains,
Where the rude desert stretches wide,
And solitude in grandeur reigns?

Is it along some deep, some wild ravine,
Where scarce a footstep wends—
Some bare and rugged rocks between,
Where night her hue of blackness lends?

Oh! tell me where they glide, that I may drink
Of that oblivious stream,
And leave upon its misty brink
The sad remembrance of my dream.

Forgetfulness! is solitude thy home,
Deep in the mountain cave?
Or must thy broken Pilgrim roam,
To seek thee in the silent grave?

Oh! tell me where to find thy calm repose,
A refuge from despair,
And let oblivion hide my woes—
Conceal from mortal eyes my care.

I'd wander to some lonely shore afar,
But 'twere in vain—for yet
The ray of that same evening star
Would dare my memory to forget.

Could I but find thy dread and fated stream,
My soul should drink its fill,
Drown the fierce image of its dream,
And in the calm of death be still.

WELCOME TO THE PENITENT RESTORED

ERRING child of that creation,
Where the great Redeemer died,
Thou hast sought and found salvation,
Welling from his piercèd side.

Thou hast poured out floods of sorrow,
Breathed the penitential sigh—
Here the day-time knows no morrow,
Tears are wiped from every eye.

Jesus, source of restoration!
Stooped and laid his glory by,
Yearning o'er a guilty nation
Justice had condemned to die.

Breathing words of consolation,
Speaking to the wounded soul,
“I will heal thy desolation,
Wash and I will make thee whole.”

Thou hast cleansed thy spotted spirit
In the fountain of *His* blood—
Welcome! welcome to inherit
Bliss before the throne of God.

Join the angel band in raising
 Anthems to His sacred name,
Through Eternal ages praising
 Jesus Christ the dying Lamb.

FOR ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

MARK i. 16—18.

ALONG the borders of the sea
The humble Jesus strayed,
Where fishermen of Galilee
Essayed their lowly trade—
The net was cast—the brethren twain
Forgot to draw that net again :

For *He*, the stranger on the strand,
With gentle accents spake,
Yet gentlest tones were like command,
And they their all forsake ;
Not faithless these, not worldly men,
Who look for recompense again.

No tarrying theirs ! The voice that bade
Those honoured brethren first,
Was heard, and soon as heard obeyed
By these 'mid storm-winds nursed ;
No pause, no question uttered, they
Dared follow Him without delay.

Where now an Andrew thus prepared
To go where God's own word may call?
And where the Saint that late hath dared
For things of Christ to give up all?
Such spirit, gracious Lord! renew,
That we may serve as promptly too.

FOR ST. THOMAS' DAY.

JOHN xx. 19.

THE doors were closed ; in heavenward prayer
Breathed every voice that whispered there ;
 With bended knee, and lifted eye,
They sought the blessing that is given
 When faith undoubting mounts on high
And claims the promised boon from heaven :
And is there one lone kneeler there
Who doubts the influence of prayer ?

Jehovah hears ! the God most high
Is listening from his throne of sky,
 That Jesus, whom the Jews had slain,
Takes the petitions as they rise :
 He died, but now he lives again !
Preparing mansions in the skies—
And can they doubt that He is there,
To answer every rising prayer.

Some lingering doubt, some boding fear,
Unuttered, yet the Lord can hear !

Swift in the midst the Saviour stands—
He lives ! He lives ! who once has died,
See where the nails have torn his hands !
See where the spear has pierced his side !
He comes to teach the doubter there,
That Jesus lives to answer prayer.

PARAPHRASE ON JOB VIII. 8—22.

EXAMINE records of the former age ;
In search of knowledge turn to history's page ;
There shalt thou find accumulated store
Of past experience, and traditioned lore ;
Our rising sun, unshaded by a cloud,
Before the evening darkens in the shroud ;
The meagre present lends no certain ray,
To us the creatures of the passing day ;
Yet turn to Nature, read the letters fair,
The tomes of wisdom that are written there.
Consider ! can the marsh-engendered rush
Spring in its freshness where no waters gush ?
Look how it glitters in the mid-day sheen,
With polished surface and resplendent green,
Yet what decays so deeply and so soon,
A withered mockery ere to-morrow's noon ?

Thus shall the hypocrite, whose feet hath trod
The devious paths that lead his heart from God,
Find that his hope is perished, and his stay
Swept as the spider's feeble web away.
The day of trouble comes, his outstretched hand
Leans on a sand-built house that cannot stand,
In arrogant self-righteousness secure,
He trusts a fabric that shall not endure.

—Though while the sun a cheering radiance flings,
The blooming shoot in green luxuriance springs,
And branches waving with abundant flowers,
Adorn his garden in the sunshine hours,—
Yet since his roots in hidden windings creep,
With fibres circling round a stoney heap,
Whence not the frugal plant with secret toil
Can draw fresh vigour from the barren soil,
If genial showers no longer dew the ground,
Nor spring diffuse its mellowed warmth around,
The plant is blasted by the chilly night,
Or shrinks to nothing at excess of light.
Then as he falls, his impious thought denies
The joyous influence of summer skies,
Yet shall he moulder on his parent Earth,
To form a Nidus for another's birth.

Behold the Majesty of Heaven will fill
His cup with bitterness who hates His will,
Whilst he who studies to perform His word,
Shall reap the blessings of a gracious Lord;
His heart o'erflowing shall attune his voice
And teach his lips exulting to rejoice:
The vile shall envy his exalted name,
The men that hate him shall be clothed in shame,
The sinner's dwelling shall in vain be sought,
And proud hypocrisy be counted nought.

CHILDHOOD'S SCENES.

I.—MY BROTHER

BROTHER! do you remember now
The ancient nut tree's fallen bough
That, while the thunder held its sound,
By lightning shivered, sought the ground,
Where, when the evening lent her hours,
Or joyous holiday was ours,
Beneath its lowly roofing shade
In summer we have often played?

Do you remember when the chill
Of winter breezes stayed the rill,
And we no longer cared to meet
In summer's shadow-loved retreat,
But rather sped with rapid run
To warmer sports of childish fun,
What pleasure stirred when met our view
The hoops we wished for, firm and new?

Brother! perchance you may forget,
But there my memory lingers yet,
And oft in hour of solitude
Will mourn o'er past ingratitude.

You from a fragment of our shade
In shapely form a hoop-stick made,
And joying in a brother's glee,
You gave the finished toy to me.

And I was grateful then, and felt
My heart with warm emotion melt ;
But soon in momentary fray
All softer feeling fled away ;
With infant rage, in passion's might,
It grew the weapon of my spite,
And Evening saw it deal the blow
Full on a guiltless brother's brow.

You wept, and passion lost its sway,
I came to wipe your tears away,
And deeply wept myself the while :
Your sorrow softened to a smile,
You knew I loved you, though my heart
Would oft to sudden fury start,
And my repentant tears I know,
As you forgave me, healed the blow.

'Twas a stern moment lent to prove
'The richness and the depth of love ;
I did not know a brother's worth
'Till the harsh usage called it forth ;
And tears so sweet, so bitter met
My soul can never more forget.

Oh, while I tune the simple strain,
I seem to be a child again,
And memory, as she lingers here,
Lets fall upon the page a tear :
Not the rude tear of bitterness,
Nor burning drop of harsh distress,
And scarcely such as sorrow knows,
But that which softly, pensive flows
When recollected evil swells
The stream from pleasure's brimming wells,
A sacred feeling born of bliss
Calmly attends a tear like this,

CHILDHOOD'S SCENES.

II.—MY SISTER.

WHEN Autumn seemed to long to pour
Down from the trees her yellow store,
And each delighted youngster there
Claimed from the loaded bough a share :
Once I had asked for liberty,—
School was a prison then to me
That would not give my lip to taste
The first-fruits of Pomona's feast.

With bursting heart, and wounded pride,
I found my urgent suit denied,
So bootless was my boyish boast
Of all the codlings I would roast !
And how, permitted, I should eat
Fresh from the tree the pippin sweet,
And how my little mates might share
The waxy plumb or juicy pear.

At length the given task was done,
The West was waiting for the sun,
As though she stretched her rosy arms
To bid him welcome to her charms.

I saw the bridegroom sinking low,
But gloom was on my sullen brow,
Because beneath each rifled tree
No gathered fruit remained for me.

I saw my little Sister pass
Delighted o'er the orchard grass,
While envy, like an evil spell,
Forced my proud spirit to rebel.
—She bore her treasure to a shrine
Of branches I had claimed as mine ;
I marked her lightly bound away,
Nor could I longer brook delay ;
Deeply with jealous envy stung,
Away the gathered fruit I flung.

'Twas done with such malicious speed,
She did not mark the hated deed,—
But there was one, whose watchful eye
Had seen it done—and heaved a sigh :
“ How could you, you ungrateful boy,
Your Sister's pleasure thus destroy,
While joyous o'er the green she flew,
Only to find and welcome you ?
Those she delighted to prepare
Only that you might taste your share.”

There needed not a chiding tongue,
My feelings were too much o'erstrung,—

My heart relented.—While my cheeks,
Wet with the tear contrition seeks,
'Told of repentance, Sister came,
And called her brother by his name.
—He gave an answering warm embrace,
And wept in silence on her face ;
Awhile he wept—she strove to dry
The tear that glistened in his eye ;
But one upon another came,
As though to mock her tender aim,—
At length upon her bosom pale
He, sobbing deeply, told his tale.

No anger on her lip arose,
But, as the dew when Zephyr blows
Scarce trembles on a flowering stem,
So in her eye one sparkling gem
Just glistened brightly for a while,
Then blended softly with a smile,—
And she forgave me. Can I be,
While such a Sister lives for me,
Without some taste of holier bliss
Bright beaming o'er the dark abyss ?

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AFFECTION.

SEE! Affection weaves
A garland of blushing leaves,
And on the wing of melody she comes,
Softly sound your flutes,
Strike your harps and your lutes,
Wake the murmur of your clarions, and the rolling of
your drums.

Hark! the music roves
In the shade of myrtle groves!
Louder and louder swells the symphony,—
From the womb of Earth,
It takes a second birth,
And bears its echoing accents to the bosom of the sea.

Softer grows the tone,
Like the sound of waters thrown
In the still moonlight down a steep cascade,
With the chastened swell
Of the eventide bell,
Sounding in mingled sweetness with the zephyr of the
glade.

Minstrel! strike the wire,
Rouse, arouse! thy sleeping lyre,

Fling back an echo to Affection's strain,
And with kindred glow,
Though the notes are more low,
To the whisper of her music awake the song again.

SAINT JOHN THE EVANGELIST'S DAY.

CAST the bright beams of light divine
Over thy Church, oh, gracious Lord!
And let unwonted brightness shine
Around the precepts of thy word.

Let that Apostle's holy page,
Who leant upon thy bosom here,
Shed radiance on our pilgrimage,
Till we before Thy throne appear.

THE INNOCENTS' DAY.

IF, at Thy word, oh, God! the babes grew strong,
And glorified in death Emmanuel's love,
Leaving this lower world to tune the song
Which hymns redemption's finished work above;

So, by the energy of strengthening grace,
May every lust beneath our feet be trod,
And we, with constant footsteps ever trace
The path of sorrow if it leads to God.

IS IT HYPOCRISY?

CALM though the brow may seem to be,
It is no proof of peace within,
The eye from shade of tear-drop free
May groan for hopes it ne'er shall win.

The life-pulse still may calmly beat,
Whilst o'er the sorrow-stricken soul
Shall pass the burning Simoom's heat,
Or floods of chilling anguish roll.

Some of us are too mirror-like—
We sigh or smile at times, 'tis true,
Yet but the *outward* rays that strike
Give to us our chameleon hue.

Deep are our spirit-feelings shrined—
We dare not give them to the gaze
Of a cold world that is too blind
To see the beauty of their blaze.

What is the world? 'tis falsehood all,
And those who tread its weary round,
At its low shrine must stoop to fall,
And offer worship half profound.

Then do not blame the silent tongue,
Scorn not the seldom moving eye—
Souls can be great, though scarcely strung
To bear a rude world's scrutiny.

Is it hypocrisy to be
Unchanged by every passing beam?
Throb not those hearts most truthfully
Which careless ones unfeeling deem?

Is it not lawful, then, to hide
The secrets of such tender heart?
And wherefore is it counted pride
If one should feel and move apart?

We may have sorrows all our own,
And woes we would not dare to tell,—
Some we can better bear alone,
And *almost all* can bear as well.

I would not ask from friends a tear—
What is to them *my* secret sadness?
No! I would hide it, and appear
Glad, till I join them in their gladness.

TRIFLES.

WHO would forget the glade,
Where the hours of childhood passed,
Or cease to remember the beautiful shade
The trees of the garden cast ?

And who would spurn the flower,
That bears to his wearied eye
A token recalling the light of an hour
Of joy in the days passed by ?

Who would despise the tone
That the rippling streamlet throws,
Though the head of the fountain remains unknown,
And he knows not whither it flows ?

Who in a land afar
Would banish the soothing dream,
That comes like a voice from the radiant star,
On its long familiar beam ?

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Or if with softened swell,
A strain that he loved to hear,
On the breezes were borne to the captive's cell,
Would the prisoner close his ear ?

The feeblest gleam of light,
The softliest uttered sound,
May speak to the soul with a wonderful might,
And stir up its deeps profound.

Scorn not a trifle, then,—
For it has its destined power,
Though borne on the notes of a memoried strain,
Or linked with a scented flower.

STANZAS.

IF disappointment, with malignant breath,
Breathe o'er thy bosom with its blighting power,
Then seek the woodland or the lonely heath,
Calm in the stillness of the Evening hour ;
Or if perchance some saddened thought,
With painful recollection fraught,
Sweeps o'er the confines of thy soul,
Then seek the valley where the waves
With murmuring music wildly roll,
Or rest upon the grassy bed,
Where, sleeping in unheeded graves,
Are those whose souls have onward sped.

There, as the streamlet seeks the sea,
The spirit may be borne away
To regions of Eternity,
Enjoyed by those whose bodies lie
So calmly slumbering in the clay,
There the bright hour, when she may fly
To other lands—comes dreamily,
And Time, with all its woe or bliss,
In such a sacred scene as this,
May scarcely venture to control,
The high aspirings of the soul.

FAREWELL, THOU DREAM OF BLISS!

FAREWELL, thou dream of bliss,
 Of bliss no more for me,
 But, oh! let Memory fondly tell,
 And Recollection catch the swell,
 That tells of hope and thee,—
 Again appear,
 And wipe the tear,
 That glistens in the eye to lure thy spirit here.

Farewell!—I would forget,
 But Memory lingers nigh,
 And sadly sits at Sorrow's shrine,
 Whilst Recollection claims for thine
 The homage of a sigh :
 Hopes that have sped
 Where all is dead,
 And ye visions of bliss that for ever are fled.

Farewell! 'Twill soon be o'er,
 I seek the silent vale,
 They never may return—I deemed
 That I was loved—but, ah! I dreamed
 False as the moonbeam pale.
 Will hopes so dear
 Again appear?
 Ah, no! again farewell—once more a parting tear.

Farewell!—It is the last—
No tear shall dim the eye,
No sigh shall heave the weary breast,
But all be hushed in endless rest,
And every tear be dry,—
When tempests rave
Around my grave,
And spread oblivion o'er the bliss and woe ye gave.

THE VOYAGE.

MARK, where on the ocean sailing,
Some proud ship is wafted by,
Now is heard the plaint of wailing,
Murmurs now the lone one's sigh.

Many saddened hearts are leaving
Friends, and home, and all behind,
Memory to the bosom heaving,
Brings their accents soft and kind.

Memory that may oft-times waken
Dreams of gladness and of bliss,
Whispers to the soul forsaken
Nought but woe in scene like this.

Melancholy may be dwelling
In the gloomy breast of one,
Doubt and fear his bosom swelling,
He ne'er dreams of danger done.

'Tis a kind of moody madness,
Telling but of pain and woe,
Her attending nymph is sadness,
Ne'er mayst thou such sadness know.

Thoughts that breathe of nought but sorrow,
Dire misfortune, blighting grief,
Never hoping that to-morrow
May afford her sweet relief.

But another may be dreaming,
Of a speedy voyage past,
Pleasure o'er the future gleaming,
Speeds in fancy onward fast.

Smiles he now—when some are weeping,
Hope is sparkling in his eye,
Sweetly on his pillow sleeping,
Fears not wind or stormy sky.

And the wilding waves of ocean
Only serve to speed his way,
Glad he marks their wild commotion,
As the distance fades away.

He whom every wave may frighten,
Sinks with sickness as they splash,
He who hopes each hour will brighten
Quails not at their wildest dash.

So on life's light vessel speeding
O'er the billowy sea of years,
He who every danger heeding,
Sinks desponding 'mid his fears.

But though present scenes be glooming,
Hope may paint a brighter ray,
Pointing on to prospects blooming,
Gilded with some cheering ray.

He who dreams not of desponding
Safely speeds his voyage on,
Listening to Hope's responding,
Smiles and sees the danger gone.

YOUTH AND MATURITY.

As on the lonely path of life we take

Our pilgrimage, in boyhood's day, when all is new,
Each wildly glancing dream seems but to make
Another source of joy—like morning's pearls of dew,
Reflecting back each tint the sunrise threw ;
Or like the landscape on some placid lake,
A single image that reflection drew,
When rippling breezes murmur by,
Seems at that breath to multiply.

And when those days of boyhood have been swept

Down the first rolling eddy of the sea of years,
We wonder that misfortune should have slept
So long—for then, alas ! too soon the fiend appears,
To chase our smiles, or sadden them to tears ;
Then sweeps the desolating, simoom past,
And then the rude destructive tempest nears,—
Affliction's moan and Sorrow's sigh
Now only seem to multiply.

SONG.

THERE is sorrow in Love when the smile that appears
Is only the prelude to anguish and tears,
And the eye that is brightest with beauty and gladness
Is destined to beam, and then darken to sadness.

There is falsehood in Love when the worm at the heart
In silent concealment is preying apart,
And the bosom that throbs with fond hope for to-morrow
Has visions of bliss, but must waken to sorrow.

SONNET.

I NEVER meant to touch the string again,
I deemed that I had tuned my last fond lay,
Love could no more awake the answering strain
Which poured unbidden in an earlier day—
I said that I had flung my harp away,
And started fairly in pursuit of gain,
Resolved to follow matters that would pay;
But soon the sordid passion in its train
Brought many a pang of bitterness and pain,
And in a disappointed mood, the sway
Of Poesy returned, no longer vain,
And bade me break my vow, and touch the string again.

NOW IS THE DAY OF SALVATION.

OH! man attend! The day of grace,
That passing day speeds by apace,
 Soon must its light be o'er,—
The Archangel waits to sound the alarm,
And swear by God's Almighty arm
 That time shall be no more.

Cry, then for mercy *now!* To-day
The Lord himself has deigned to say
 He welcomes all that come,—
He pardons sin and soothes distress,
The naked clothes with righteousness,
 And leads the wanderers home.

Jesus, our Saviour, Conqueror, King,
Has plucked from Death his vengeful sting,
 Not for himself, but *you* ;
For you he holds the sword and shield,
To guard you through earth's hostile field,
 And make you conqueror too.

FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

WALK in the Spirit of your God,
And that shall make you free ;
Beneath your feet shall sin be trod,
Your fleshly lusts shall flee.

The Spirit wars against the flesh,
Hating its low desires,
Beholds the Saviour bleed afresh,
And towards its home aspires.

The thoughts of flesh are all unclean,
Idolatrous and vile,
Angry, seditious, and obscene,
Mingled with murderous guile.

These are the foes that dash the bowl
Of mercy from our hand,
And stay the progress of the soul
To yonder happy land.

But fruits of peace and heavenly joy,
Meekness, and faith, and love,
Will the enlightened heart employ,
And these shall live above.

THE STORMY SEA.

Go wander by the stormy wave,
Look out across the sea,
See how those billowy breakers rave !
While winds sweep furiously—
Hast thou a friend whose valued life
Is trusted to that angry strife ?

Can you forget that now his eye
May turn in thought to you,
And doubt may almost wake a sigh,
Whether you still be true
As when you wandered hand in hand,
Ere bidding farewell on the strand.

Oh ! will you for a moment say
That now you would not share
The privilege to kneel and pray
With him the trusting prayer,
That both may join and ever be
Where there is no more stormy sea ?

And if at night you start from sleep,
When the wild winds are high,
Remember those that plough the deep,
Beneath that threatening sky,

Think how they gaze on storm and cloud,
When lightnings wake the thunder loud.

Think of the peril each one feels,
When tossed from side to side,
Scared as the quivering vessel reels,
Forgetful of its pride !
And raise a prayer for those that so
The might of mighty ocean know,

And ask that these may then obtain
A sense that God is near,
Ask that the God who rules the main,
Would soothe their anxious fear :
That He whom winds and waves obey,
Would still protect them on their way.

WHERE IS THE PLACE FOR SONG?

WHERE is the *place* for song?—Amid the bowers
 Of holiest solitude, where down the rocks
 Leaps the soft whispering stream, and to the flowers
 Tells its untiring tale? Or where the flocks
 Roam uncontrolled?—where the soft echo mocks
 The Pilgrim's music?—where the owlet grey
 Screams its wild note of fear? or where the fox
 Hides her young brood, and tears her stolen prey,
 Far from the busy town, far from mankind away?

What is the *time* for song? When Evening sheds
 Her dewy softness o'er the closing day,
 When weary flowrets bow their perfumed heads,
 And glimmers o'er the lake the star's first ray?
 Or when at early hour o'er meadows grey
 The morning light on every dew-gem gleams?
 Or when the queen of night assumes her sway,
 And Fancy shapes a thousand wayward dreams?
 Or when from noonday sun the flood of lustre streams?

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Each time, each place, accordeth well with song,
 Its wide dominion is one general sway,
 Nor breathes unheeded in the bustling throng,
 Nor speaks in vain to lone ones far away—

It lives when joy is present—when we long
For pleasures past—or when in thought we stray
Onward to other times, whose cloudless years
Will need no rainbow since they know no tears.

Where cruelty, and wrong, and bitter strife,
'Mid crowded cities stare us in the face ;
Or pining want, hard struggling after life,
Tells of our country's error or disgrace,
Where sorrow treads and infamy is rife,
Hope sings a siren strain—and in the place
Of angry feeling at our brothers' woes,
The tear we shed with better prospect glows.

Oh, think not that the lyre we feebly sweep,
Hath in its numbers no unearthly power—
It *hath* a spell—for we should often weep,
Had we no fragment of the Poet's dower.
Its music heard, rude Passion sinks to sleep,
And calmness grows amid the stormiest hour,
Restraining evil thought by gentlest sway,
Till the suggestive ill has passed away.

BEFORE RAIN.

THE distant hills are clear to-day,
Each outline marked, each boundary seen,
Each field distinct, each winding way
Is viewed the meadowy tints between.
The sky beyond is cool and grey,
Whilst mountain sides are warm and green,—
These bask beneath the sunny ray,
Whilst moving clouds that intervene
Fling their soft shadows as they play,
And yet so fleeting that they seem
Only like mists upon a dream,
Obscuring pleasure but to pass away
And leave it lovelier still.—
There is the yellow of the corn
Half ripened to its Autumn hue,
And purpling tints will now adorn
The branches of the berried thorn,
A neutral shade in far off view—
And silver-like is seen the rill,
So much remote that were its gush
The stream-force of a torrent's rush;
Its murmur would not reach the ear,
Though silence reigns upon the earth,
And vision deems its course so near,
That we are lured to trace it to its birth.

APPEARANCES.

As in the Summer's sunny hours,
The marsh is purpled o'er with flowers,
And freshly green the verdure spreads
Beneath the venturous foot that treads :
So pleasure flings its richest bloom
Over the pathway to the tomb,
And he who all unconscious dares
The hidden peril of its snares,
May in that pleasant pasture find
All that *seems* beautiful and kind ;—
And the soft path, and verdant way,
May lure him to a longer stay.
On, onward still, his footsteps press,
In search of promised happiness,
Till soon amid the quagmire's cheat
No solid ground awaits his feet,
And, sinking in the treacherous mire,
He rues the longings of desire ;—
The green luxuriance but conceals
The death the sinking victim feels.
—Judge not of pleasure by its face,
Danger may lurk in loveliest place.

ALTERED FROM "THOM."

(FOR MUSIC.)

WHEN dark is the wood and all starless the sky,
When the rustling leaves falling, forsake every tree,
We'll meet, but not whisper of seasons gone by.
Nor of friends that again we may never more see ;
No weak word of mine shall recall back to thee
Thy vows that were made and were broken to me ;
I'll seem in my silence to reckon them dead,
All withered and lost as the leaves that we tread.

Alone you must meet me, when midnight is near,
By yon blighted old bush we so fatally know,
The voice that allured me, oh ! let me not hear,
For my heart must not beat to its music of woe.
In darkness we'll meet, and in silence remain,
Each word and each look now were mockful and vain ;
One mute moment mourn o'er the dream that misled,
Then sever as cold as the leaves that we tread.

A U T U M N .

I KNOW not why the dying year
Has thrilling charms for me,
I know not why the desert drear
Awakes my minstrelsy.

I know not why the Autumn day,
When softening into night,
Has o'er my soul a kindlier sway
Than Summer's sunshine light.

I know not why the wailing moan
Of tempest winds should stir,
Deeply within a softer tone
Than Spring's own harbinger.

Perchance the melancholy note
May find an answering thrill,
From chords that stir, though never smote
By happy Minstrel's skill.

Perchance 'tis even sweet to muse,
On age's cold decay,
Perchance the spirit can but choose
To bound or shrink away.

Perchance exulting in the gale,
When Autumn leaves are driven,
As token of the mourner's wail,
When Earth's last ties are riven ;

Perchance rejoicing in the waste
Beside the lonely wave,
Since nothing checks the pilgrim's haste,
Down to his quiet grave ;

Or rather that the secret breast
Is somewhat weaned from clay,
And, longing for a home more blest,
Wins a fore-tokening ray.

And that one ray enkindling there
Glad thoughts of sacred things,
The spirit glows with ardent prayer,
And then the full heart sings.

THE BUTTERFLY.

FLOATING on the breath of Spring,
Scarcely moves thy painted wing,
Hovering o'er the homes of flowers,
Joyous in the sunshine hours,
Resting only where the rose
Its earliest leaf of velvet shows,
Or where the yellow daffodil,
The last that bloomed, is lingering still ;
Or fluttering where the daisy peeps,
In verdant fields or grassy steeps,
Thine are only sunshine hours,
Blithe companion of the flowers ;
Winter's snow and angry storm
May not touch thy fragile form,
Happier thou ! 'tis thine to die
With the Summer's farewell sigh.

PASTORAL SERENADE.

ARISE! oh, my fair one, and come away,
The snow is all past, and the rain is gone;
The carolling bird at the dawn of day
Tells that the frosts of winter have flown,—
Oh! why, my beloved, am I left alone?

Arise! oh, my fair one, and come away,
Join me to welcome the dawning of spring;
Haste, haste! my beloved, and let us stray,
Where florets their mingled perfumes fling,
And the honey-bee sails on his gauzy wing.

Arise! oh, my fair one, and come away,
For the time of the singing of birds is now,
And the voice of the turtle at close of day
Is heard on the tree-clad mountain's brow,
Where murmurs of echo are answering low.

Arise! oh, my fair one,—I'd go with thee,
Where the joyous flocks on the mountain stray;
The pearl and the ruby are not for me,
But gems of the morn-dew are fair as they—
Oh, arise! my beloved, and come away.

Though humble my home, and there comes not there
The splendour of pomp with its proud display,
Yet chased are the mists of corroding care
By bright content, with its gladdened ray,
Oh, arise ! then, my loved one, and come away.

I have wandered alone in the winter keen,
I have marked where the mountain torrent flows,
I have trod where the Fairies' feet have been,
I have seen their revels, and I know
Where the choicest flowers of the forest grow.

I have climbed the crag, and have scaled the steep,
And I know the home of the nestling dove ;
I know where the young of the Eagles sleep—
The vales below, and the rocks above,
Are the native realms of the Goddess of Love.

I know where the rose and the lily twine,
And I know of a dearer flower than those—
The hand of affection would place in thine,
The fairest floret the lover knows—
And I ken where that beautiful floret grows.

We will tend our flocks in the lonely vale,
We will watch where the bounding lambkins stray,
And voice of woe shall not dare to assail
The Maiden I claim as Queen of May,—
Arise ! then, my loved one, and let us away.

PRIDE AND MODESTY.

A VIOLET long neglected laid
Beneath a haughty rose's shade,
And seemed no more to promise bloom
Than those we carry to the tomb.

It is as though some deadly blight
Dwells in the absence of the light,
And that one lonely hidden flower
Is made the victim of its power,
Whilst every sun that brightly glows
Gives its caresses to the rose.

Each passer marked the blushing leaf,
That shone like smiles which heed not grief,
And never guessed that humble worth
Might hide beneath it on the earth.

A storm-wind comes, and o'er the rose
Fiercely and long the tempest blows,
Till, as a ruin overthrown,
Its stem is rent, its petals strewn,
And no admiring passer by
Turns on the wreck a loving eye.

But now the morning sunbeams steal
Down on the violet slowly,
As though they came to kiss and heal
A thing so meek and lowly,
And perfume from the modest flower
Lures gentle ones to seek the gem,
To make it for its transient hour
The glory of their diadem.

Another year from that low root
Numbers of scented buds shall shoot,
And not one branch of envious rose
Shall ever dare to interpose,
When Spring-tide's sun in softness glows.

ON A FRAGMENT OF TESSELATED PAVEMENT.

WHY is it that a Fragment which is flung
 Unheeded by the workman from the trench
 He digs, attracts the passer's notice? Why
 Seems it of worth to him—that piece of pavement?

He stores it carefully, and ponders much
 On its first origin. 'Twas formed of old,
 Perchance when Roman legions held our land,
 Or when Phœnician merchants sought our shores ;
 Or even, haply, when some unknown race
 Were skilled in arts not given to our sires.
 It may be it was formed upon the spot,
 Or borne by Pilgrim from beyond the sea,
 Or washed ashore by ocean's heaving wave,
 Or in the paunch of monster of the deep
 Carried securely from some distant land—
 The passer knows not whence it is—but still
 It bears him back to hoar antiquity,
 To years he cannot reckon. It may be
 Even a relic of the earlier world
 Deposited within the infant Earth
 Long ere the Deluge swept its furrowed surface.

The workman views it as a worthless potsherd ;
 The mere collector counts its money-value ;

The Antiquary tries to trace its era,
Assigning it a suppositious date,
And learnedly discusses signs that mark
The fragment to belong to this or that.
Not for its beauty but reputed age
It wins his notice : beautiful it is
And must be, if 'tis very, very old.
Yet would *he* too, all heedless, fling aside
The still more ancient fragment of a world
Peopled and swept away ere man was formed—
Fragment of that which once was full of life,
Of that which lived, and moved, and had its being,
In some huge lake, raising its sinuous bulk
To tangle in its wide expanded jaws
Its floating food. Oh ! very, very old
Are these, and yet they cannot win
The favour of an Antiquarian eye.
They do not speak of things akin to man—
They bear us, truly, into regions wild
Of airy speculation, but man's mind
Has graven upon these no signature.

We *do* discern a message from the past
In every fragment which the hand of man
Has moulded ; and could we but decipher
Their mystic meaning, what a flood of truth
And long-lost knowledge might these things convey.

While we would honour those who strive to read
These hieroglyphics of the past—to us

They speak in other language, and impart
 Material for high thought. Imagination
 Weaves round each crumbling ruin lovely visions,
 Couples each fondly with departed scenes,
 Waits not for History's sanction to resolve
 How far correct has been her favourite guess ;
 She does not pause for Science accurate
 To stamp approval on her thought instinctive,
 Her inward testimony proof enough
 That there is something of the vanished past
 Called into life again by that same fragment.

We view the dimly-lighted cell, where rites
 Of ancient superstition had their home,
 Where haply the oracular response
 Was breathed to anxious querists ; and we see
 The idol-fane, and native worshippers,
 Round-thronging, helpless suppliants to their God,
 Whilst on their shores, like blasts of desolation,
 Descends the conquering foe. How came they hither ?
 Some demon-power has wafted them along !
 They have a might exceeding that of men !
 What can the simple tribes affrighted do
 To oppose their coming ? To the holy shrine
 The nobles haste, and clustering warriors there
 Await the onslaught. Now the painted roof
 Yields its last echo to the heathen's prayer—
 The flame shall soon devour it : and the floor,
 Garnished with all Idolatry's rude art,
 Crushed by the iron tread of mailèd men,

Is broken into fragments. Is it one
Of these we hold? Did this, perchance, receive
The parting footfall of the Pythoness,—
What time, infuriate as the raging foe,
She fled the scene, and left her malediction?

Or else we picture gentler scenes than this;
The decorated dwelling of the fair,
Where light and joyous footsteps loved to glide
To the rude music of those earlier days.
We catch bright glances from young sunny eyes,
And fancy we can see them answered too,—
Fond feelings then had found a dwelling-place
In human hearts—and on this broken tile
There haply may have fallen many a tear
Gushing from very rapture; many a smile
Reciprocating others, may have gemmed
The hall where this was placed. We view the thr
Of gleesome revellers at some high feast—
Perhaps it is a happy nuptial day—
No cloud appears, the sky is all serene,
All is one promise of continuous joy.
But by and bye a melancholy moan,
A trembling of the ground, a voice of wind,
Fire flashing from the rocks—at once proclaim
The Earthquake's devastating sweep at hand
All, all are swallowed up!—the lofty tower
Totters to its foundation—homes of pleasure
Are desolated now. This scrap may be
The only relic which shall ever greet
One human eye again.

And how much more,
Were we to yield explicitly to Fancy's rule,
Might yet be conjured up!

In visions dim,
Yet beautiful and terrible, scenes come before us
That mock the cold realities of life .
Whene'er we see such relie. Therefore we
Would not unheeded pass the fragment by.

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

A BEAUTIFUL Snow-flake, as pure and as white
As when it was formed in its frosty height,
Came wheeling and whirling round and round,
As though it were fearful to reach the ground,
And awhile it danced on the wintry air,
As though it were joyously lingering there ;
But at length it sank to the cradling earth,
From whence it sprang in its vapoury birth ;
And there as a fair lone thing it lay—
(Like the first white hair when the head turns grey,
Till one by one its fellows come there,
And we wonder in vain for the raven hair :)
But while we gaze on the stainless dress
That clothes the earth with its loveliness,
As the sunbeams glow on the white snow-wreath,
What dark pollution is forming beneath !
And that which was pure as the earliest ray
Is sullied and mingled with earthly clay,
And thence an unsightly current glides
To join the waves of the muddy tides,
Till nothing of purity, beauty, or light
Remains to the Snow-flake once brilliantly white,—
'Tis a thing of the world, and the loveliness given
Could only endure by its union with heaven.

Oh, emblem of warning ! how many we know
Who once seemed as pure and as stainless as snow,
Who awhile held aloof from the world and its snares,
Who would not, they thought, be engrossed by its cares;
Yet sinking, at length became mixed with the throng,
And learnt without fear to partake in its wrong ;
Then yielding still more, by degrees would give way
To the sunny temptation of revelry's sway,
And all that was lovely and pure has been gone,
Like the bright Flake of Snow when the warm sun has
shone.

HALLOWED LOVE.

THERE was a time the stainless gleam
Flashed o'er the bosom of the stream,
Where Pison's parent waters rolled
Between their banks of spangled gold :
Thence Gihon from a kindred head
Round Ethiopia's borders spread,
While from the self-same fount could well
The billows of the Hiddekel,
And proud Euphrates owed its birth
To this, the chosen spot of Earth.

As yet the lovely Iris stood
In hues of beauty o'er the flood,
Whether there beamed the noontide's ray,
Resplendent on the constant spray,
Or poured the gentler orb of night
Over the wave a paler light,—
Save that the day-time loved to fold
Its gorgeous tints in robes of gold ;
While moonlight, scarcely less divine,
Set the rich gems in silver shrine ;—
And now and then above the glade
The light from Seraph's pinions played,
Glancing with heaven-enkindled gleam
O'er the pure bosom of the stream,

While vividly the radiance flew,
Lending the bow another hue.

—As yet no tempest-cloud unfurled
Its darkness o'er the sinless world,
Whilst man, the image of his God,
The happy paths of Eden trod.

But soon the Iris left the shore
And cheered the eye of man no more,
Destined to span the azure sky
To tell that hope remained on high.

Dread was the silence of the vale,
Save that more plaintive breathed the gale;
Then, Evening o'er her rosy breast
In sadness cast a sombre vest—
Deep and more deep the shadows fell
Over the florets of the dell—
And man was naked—and the air
Forgot to waft his vesper prayer.
—Terror and fear till then unknown
Over his onward path were strewn—
Ah! he had sinned—he trembled now
To hear the wonted “Where art thou!”

Love had not breathed in sighs—nor pain
Had followed in Affection's train,

Pure was its bliss, no taste of woe
Might the unsullied bosom know.
Love was the breath of every air
That fanned the buds and blossoms there,
And love, beyond the power of dreams,
Enriched its lakes and gemmed its streams,
And whispered soft from every tree
Amid the wild birds' minstrelsy.

Earth was a temple—man alone
Breathed back to heaven an answering tone,
For He who fills the throne above
Inspired His song with higher love,
Whilst many a spirit pure and bright
Bore to his bowers the sacred light :
And thus the paths of peace he trod,
Holding communion with his God.

But he has sinned—and he must go
A wanderer in a world of woe,
With only here and there a ray
To glad the new immortal's way,
With only here and there a flower,
And that the creature of an hour.

Yet there is One—that One may bless
And cheer him in his loneliness ;—
Such sacred gift will HE bestow,
From whom all solid pleasures flow,

Who in the infancy of time
In Eden's blest and rosy clime,—
While the new being He had made
Unconsciously in slumber laid,
Quickened and formed a kindred frame,—
Bone of his bone, her soul the same,
That man, His image, might not moan
Because he trod the Earth alone.

There is a sacred witchery thrown
Over her actions and her tone ;
Affection, free from mortal stains,
The brightest beam of heaven retains,
A power surviving to control
The ruder passions of the soul,
Like halcyon breezes from the shore,
Lulling the ocean's tempest roar.

It is not like each other joy
That death is missioned to destroy,
A pleasure so refined and pure
That heaven permits it to endure,
To smile on life's tempestuous wave,
To glow and live beyond the grave,—
To be a halo round our head,
Gilding each dreary path we tread,—
A joyous ray amid the gloom
To light our passage to the tomb.

And though where mortal footsteps stray,
Few are the flowers that gem the way,

The buds from Eden's rosy vale
Still lend a perfume to the gale :
And still a whisper from on high
Is mingled with affection's sigh,
And virtuous love is still a gleam
Glanced from the pure celestial beam.

Though sullied in its downward course,
Its brightness still proclaims its source,
And o'er the bosom home where plays
The softness of its heavenly rays,—
Where its ethereal flashes shine,
Though dim it be 'tis still Divine ;
Nor will the God of Heaven disown
This faint reflection from his throne ;
Nor will that power refuse to shed
Its blessing on Affection's head ;
But oft it stoops to fan the flame
'That bears on Earth Affection's name,
Till that which seemed but fond desire
Burns as a flame of sacred fire.

—The love that first was only given
To other breast, aspires to heaven ;
Its earthly love remembered yet,
For memory never may forget,
Is upward borne on wing of prayer,
And meets its cherished object there.
And as congenial breathings rise
Softer than Evening's symphonies,

A tie more lasting, more refined,
Each to the other seems to bind.
'Tis just a taste of heavenly bliss
Shed on such barren scene as this,
A kindly ray of sunshine given
To guide the 'wilderer heart to heaven.

Mark the transparent wreaths that skim
Over the wave at Evening dim ;
Think of the purple vapour borne
From night and ocean by the morn ;
Then let the eye of Fancy seek,
'Mid alpine hills, some lofty peak,
Nor may the gazing soul forget
The mountain's misty coronet,
That, wafted from the parent sea,
Descends as dew upon the lea ;
Or strays where rippling currents flow,
Like crystal from the mountain's brow.
—Look where the thousand streamlets break
Forth from the high embosomed lake,
Glance o'er the valley at your feet,
Where streams with kindred torrents meet ;
Then scan the waters as they spread
Over the rivers winding bed,
Till in the mighty sea they roll—
From shore to shore, from pole to pole.

Thus every tiny mountain rill,
Or murmuring ripple of the hill,

Even the spray the bird may fling
In summer from his silken wing,
Or vapour that delights to dwell
Upon the bosom of the dell,
Or stream that rolls with rapid rush,
Or fountain, with its gentler gush,
Are but the offspring of the sea,
And seek their home instinctively.

So from the lofty one above
Are flowing down the streams of love,—
And thus *Affection claims to be*
An Infant of Eternity.

TRUE GLORY.

WHILE Angelic hosts adoring
 Cast their crowns at Jesu's feet,
 We, on wings of prayer upsoaring,
 Worship at the Mercy-seat.
 From thy radiant throne beholding
 All the denizens of Earth ;
 Jesus ! in thine arms enfolding,
 Lead us to the second birth.

Spread, oh, Dove of Peace ! thy pinions
 O'er the Islands of the Sea,
 Win from dreary Death's dominions
 Many nations back to thee !
 Brood where erst embattled legions
 Bore the desolating sword,
 Bid the wrecks of ruined regions
 Flourish at thy living word !

* * * *

'Tis not where the banner gory
 Floats on charnel field of war,
 That the beams of spotless glory
 Light the blood-stained victor's ear :

Glory round the brow is beaming,
Where the spirit burns within ;
And the eye with tears is streaming,
Tears of penitence for sin.

Where the words of consolation
Whispered by the lip sincere,
Turn to joy the desolation,
Waken hope and dry the tear.
Heavenly glory far excelling
That which laurelled heroes win,
Shines on those who joy in telling
Jesu's power to vanquish sin.

Most of all on those who taking
Humble stand beneath the cross,—
Friends, and home, and all forsaking,
Counting former gain as loss,
Haste afar, where shades of sadness
Whelm the tribes in heathen night,
Bearing news of peace and gladness,
Spread abroad the Gospel's light.

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

IF called to tread the thorny maze,
As witnesses for God below,
Oh, may our faith discern the blaze
Of promised glory's brighter glow,
Lighting the happy pathway trod
By those who kept the faith of God!

Oh, Holy Spirit! from above,
Dwell, richly dwell, in every breast,
To teach us how to bless and love
Oppressors, even while oppressed,
That still on Thee in suffering stayed,
We all may pray as Stephen prayed.

SEA VIEW FROM THE CLIFFS.

FAR from their base extends the mighty Sea,
Dashing and rolling on with ceaseless tide
In its mysterious magnificence.
The winds are hushed,—the very cloud of mist
That hovers o'er its bosom is not stirred,—
Its far horizon cannot be discerned ;
The curtain that it wears is like the dark
Which hides the Infinite. It seems at rest,—
Still by some viewless influence urged along,
The thunder of untiring waves rolls in
To greet us on our height. In caves below
Eddies the boiling surge. Its hollow moan
Comes softened by the distance, like the voice
Of one who suffers, not in conqueror's tones,—
And yet the waves their daily inroads make
Aggressive on those old time-riven rocks,
Till one by one their tottering heads bow down
And fall beneath the waters, and another
Shows its bold front, and dares the hopeless strife.

Now all is calm ; yet mighty is the power
Of Ocean's calmest movement. Oh! when storm
And windy tempest plough its bosom up,
Driving its billows fiercer to the shore,

Would feeble mortal dare on this lone cliff
Fearless to take his stand? Why it would quiver
Like the unstable turf of green morass,
And threaten every moment to engulf
The venturous being who should tempt its path.
Nathless the grandeur of this desolate spot
Reads us a lesson of Supernal power.
GOD has appointed bounds — and hitherto
The waves may come, but not one ripple further.
HE rules the ebbing and the flowing tide;
The waters in the hollow of HIS hand
Are grasped. The level shore, the lowly beach,
With HIM are boundaries firm as solid rock,—
He is the GOD whom Seas and winds obey.

Nor lifeless is the scene,—the Summer now
Attracteth hither all her transient guests—
The sea-birds nestle upon every ledge—
The precipice of rock is full of life.

Where it might seem that human foot must fail,
The hardy fowler dares alone to tread,
Slung by a single rope from towering height
That overhangs a little the abodes
Of those wild-winged ones. Thence he bears the young
Whose downy produce gives luxurious ease
To those who toil not: and to those who toil
It brings a pittance of the daily bread,
The homely fare of these poor Islanders.

Aye, on their barren crags they dwell apart,—
It looks as if no harvest waved for them
In yellow fields,—no loaded wains are seen,—
They are so far dependent upon others
For coarsest fragments of the staff of life.

Has Providence forsaken them? Oh, no!
Provision is provided. For their wants,
Simple and few, a little will suffice;
And on the plumed inhabitants of Air
And skimmers of the Ocean is impressed
A law of constancy, which brings them back,
Year after year, to these same cornless shores,
To build their nests, and give their wealth to man.

Man cannot take it all—Prolific Nature,
Never redundant, always has enough,—
The tribe of birds seems not a whit the less
For all the depredations of our race,—
Still in their plumages, of white or black,
They incubate upon the rock in throngs,
And oft-times to the almost famished hind
The eggs procured, even at risk of life,
Yield sustenance to keep that life in being.

What mean we then by NATURE? Is it but
The regularity of all we see
Moving obedient to some mighty law?
Is it some changeless yet progressive thing?

A mere machine, yet fitted to produce
Greatest results, and to develop man,
With all his powers of intellect and soul,
In a long series of successive years,
From the poor atom that has scarcely life,
Floating its little day within a drop
Of putrid water from some stagnant pool ?

Worse than absurd this infidel conjecture !
He who can credit an uncaused effect
Is by too quick gradation now descending
Below his station in the scale of being—
Mindless and soulless he would fain become
The very counterpart of beasts that perish.

“ *But Nature acts by law ?* ” We grant it true,—
Yet who impressed upon the vast machine
Ceaseless obedience to the given law ?
Whose the injunction ? Whose the high decree ?—
Look forth from hence, why do these free-winged birds
Come from all regions at their stated time,
Assembling constantly on one small spot,
Unerring in their flight, not wrecked at sea,
Not gathering when the storm-winds sweep the cliff,
Not coming when the icy breeze is out,
But joyous in the Summer’s transient warmth,—
Choose the fit season—choose the fittest day,
Or even fittest hour for their arrival ?

It is not knowledge that from race to race
Accumulates in long transmitted line.
No calculation deep is theirs, and yet their instinct
May laugh at human reason. Why is this?
Yield they not still obedience to the law
Of GOD'S requirements, whilst rebellious man
Has dared to claim for *Reason* the high place
Which God alone may dwell in? Therefore, man
Caught in his self-made snare is ever falling,
Trapped in the meshes of his worshipped Reason.
Oh! if he thought how weak he is himself,
How feeble to produce substantial good,
He would not deem the reason that is his
Infallibly the sole sufficient guide.

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